Coll. Lib.

# PIZARRO;

A

# TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN

Drury-Lane:

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN DRAMA OF

*KOTZEBUE;*

AND

ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE

BY

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

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FOURTH EDITION.

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London:

PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGWAY, YORK STREET,
ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

1799.

Price 2s. 6d.

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# DEDICATION.

TO HER, whoſe approbation of this Drama, and whoſe peculiar delight in the applauſe it has received from the Public, have been to *me* the higheſt gratification its ſucceſs has produced—I dedicate this Play.

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RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

# PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant May
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day;
As ſome fond maid, whom matron frowns reprove,
Suſpends the ſmile her heart devotes to love;
The ſeaſon's pleaſures too delay their hour,
And winter revels with protracted power:
Then blame not, Critics, if, thus late, we bring
A Winter Drama—but reproach—the ſpring.
What prudent Cit dares yet the ſeaſon truſt,
Baſk in his whiſky, and enjoy the duſt?
Hors'd in Cheapſide, ſcarce yet the gayer ſpark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park;
Scarce yet you ſee him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New Road, and daſh thro' Groſvenor-gate:—
Anxious—yet timorous too!—his ſteed to ſhow,
The hack Bucephalus of Rotten-row.
Careleſs he ſeems, yet, vigilantly ſly,
Woos the ſtray glance of Ladies paſſing by,
While his off heel, inſidiouſly aſide,
Provokes the caper which he ſeems to chide.
Scarce rural Kenſington due honour gains;
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains!
Where white-rob'd miſſes amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux—"How'do, how'do?"
With gen'rous queſtions that no anſwer wait,
"How vaſtly full! A'n't you come vaſtly late?
"I'n't it quite charming? When do you leave town?
"A'n't you quite tir'd? Pray can we ſet you down?"
Theſe ſuburb pleaſures of a London May,
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay;
Should our Play pleaſe—and you're indulgent ever—
Be your decree—"'Tis better late than never."

## Dramatis Personae.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ATALIBA, *King of Quito*, | | *Mr.* POWELL. |
| ROLLA, ALONZO, | *Commanders of his Army*, | *Mr.* KEMBLE. *Mr.* C. KEMBLE |
| CORA, *Alonzo's Wife*, | | *Mrs.* JORDAN. |
| PIZARRO, *Leader of the Spaniards*, | | *Mr.* BARRYMORE. |
| ELVIRA, *Pizarro's Miſtreſs*, | | *Mrs.* SIDDONS. |
| ALMAGRO, | | *Mr.* CAULFIELD. |
| GONZALO, DAVILLA, GOMEZ, | *Pizarro's Aſſociates*, | *Mr.* WENTWORTH. *Mr.* TRUEMAN. *Mr.* SURMONT. |
| VALVERDE, *Pizarro's Secretary*, | | *Mr.* R. PALMER. |
| LAS-CASAS, *a Spaniſh Eccleſiaſtic*, | | *Mr.* AICKIN. |
| *An old blind Man*, | | *Mr.* CORY. |
| OROZEMBO, *an old Cacique*, | | *Mr.* DOWTON. |
| *A Boy*, | | *Maſter* CHATTERLEY. |
| *A Centinel*, | | *Mr.* HOLLAND. |
| *Attendant*, | | *Mr.* MADDOCKS. |
| *Peruvian Officer*, | | *Mr.* ARCHER. |

*Soldiers, Meſſ.* FISHER, EVANS, CHIPPENDALE, WEBB, *&c.*

*The Vocal Parts by*

*Meſſrs.* KELLY, SEDGWICK, DIGNUM, DANBY, *&c.* — *Mrs.* CROUCH, *Miſs* DE CAMP, *Miſs* STEPHENS, *Miſs* LEAK, *Miſs* DUFOUR, *&c.*

# PIZARRO.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*A magnificent Pavilion near* PIZARRO's *Tent—a View of the Spaniſh Camp in the back Ground.—*ELVIRA *is diſcovered ſleeping under a canopy on one ſide of the Pavilion—*VALVERDE *enters, gazes on* ELVIRA, *kneels, and attempts to kiſs her hand;* ELVIRA, *awakened, riſes and looks at him with indignation.*

*Elv.* AUDACIOUS! Whence is thy privilege to interrupt the few moments of repoſe my haraſſed mind can ſnatch amid the tumults of this noiſy camp? Shall I inform your maſter of this preſumptuous treachery? ſhall I diſcloſe thee to Pizarro? Hey!

*Val.* I am his ſervant, it is true—truſted by him—and I know him well; and therefore 'tis I aſk, by what magic could Pizarro gain your heart, by what fatality ſtill holds he your affection?

*Elv.* Hold! thou truſty SECRETARY!

*Val.* Ignobly born! in mind and manners rude, ferocious, and unpoliſhed, though cool and crafty if occaſion need—in youth audacious—ill his firſt manhood—a licenſed pirate—treating men as brutes, the world as booty; yet now the Spaniſh hero is he ſtyled—the firſt of Spaniſh conquerors! and for a warrior ſo accompliſhed, 'tis fit Elvira ſhould leave her noble family, her fame, her home, to ſhare the dangers, humours, and the crimes of ſuch a lover as Pizarro!

*Elv.* What! Valverde moralizing! But grant I am in error, what is my incentive? Paſſion, infatuation, call it as you will; but what attaches *thee* to this deſpiſed, unworthy leader?—Baſe lucre is thy object, mean fraud thy means. Could you gain me, you only hope to win a higher intereſt in Pizarro—I know you.

*Val.* On my ſoul, you wrong me; what elſe my faults, I have none towards you: but indulge the ſcorn and levity of your nature; do it while yet the time permits; the gloomy hour, I fear, too ſoon approaches.

*Elv.* Valverde, a prophet too!

*Val.* Hear me, Elvira—Shame from his late defeat, and burning wiſhes for revenge, again have brought Pizarro to Peru; but truſt me, he over-rates his ſtrength, nor meaſures well the foe. Encamped in a ſtrange country, where terror cannot force, nor corruption buy a ſingle friend, what have we to hope? The army murmuring at increaſing hardſhips, while Pizarro decorates with gaudy ſpoil the gay pavilion of his luxury! each day diminiſhes our force.

*Elv.* But are you not the heirs of thoſe that fall?

*Val.*

*Val.* Are gain and plunder then our only purpoſe? Is this Elvira's heroiſm?

*Elv.* No, ſo ſave me Heaven! I abhor the motive, means, and end of your purſuits; but I will truſt none of you:—in your whole army there is not one of you that has a heart, or ſpeaks ingenuouſly—aged Las-Caſas, and he alone, excepted.

*Val.* He! an enthuſiaſt in the oppoſite and worſe extreme!

*Elv.* Oh! had I earlier known that virtuous man, how different might my lot have been!

*Val.* I will grant, Pizarro could not then ſo eaſily have duped you; forgive me, but at that event I ſtill muſt wonder.

*Elv.* Hear me, Valverde.—When firſt my virgin fancy waked to love, Pizarro was my country's idol. Self-taught, ſelf-raiſed, and ſelf-ſupported, he became a hero; and I was formed to be won by glory and renown. 'Tis known that when he left Panama in a flight veſſel, his force was not an hundred men. Arrived in the iſland of Gallo, with his ſword he drew a line upon the ſands, and ſaid, "Paſs thoſe who fear to die or conquer with their leader." Thirteen alone remained, and at the head of theſe the warrior ſtood his ground. Even at the moment when my ears firſt caught this tale, my heart exclaimed, "Pizarro is its lord!" What ſince I have perceived, or thought, or felt! you muſt have more worth to win the knowledge of.

*Val.* I preſs no further; ſtill aſſured that while Alonzo de Molina, our General's former friend and pupil, leads the enemy, Pizarro never more will be a conqueror. *(Trumpets without.)*

*Elv.* Silence! I hear him coming; look not

perplexed.—How myſtery and fraud confound the countenance! Quick, put on an honeſt face, if thou canſt.

*Pizarro. (Speaking without.)* Chain and ſecure him; I will examine him myſelf.

PIZARRO *enters.*

(Valverde *bows*—Elvira *laughs.*)

*Piz.* Why [illegible] thou ſmile, Elvira?

*Elv.* To laugh or weep without a reaſon, is one of the few privileges we women have.

*Piz.* Elvira, I will know the cauſe, I am reſolved!

*Elv.* I am glad of that, becauſe I love reſolution, and am reſolved not to tell you. Now my reſolution, I take it, is the better of the two, becauſe it depends upon myſelf, and yours does not.

*Piz.* Pſha! trifler!

*Kal.* Elvira was laughing at my apprehenſions that——

*Piz.* Apprehenſions!

*Kal.* Yes—that Alonzo's ſkill and genius ſhould ſo have diſciplined and informed the enemy, as to——

*Piz.* Alonzo! the traitor! How I once loved that man! His noble mother entruſted him, a boy, to my protection. At my table did he feaſt—in my tent did he repoſe. I had marked his early genius, and the valorous ſpirit that grew with it. Often I had talked to him of our firſt adventures—what ſtorms we ſtruggled with—what perils we ſurmounted. When landed with a ſlender hoſt upon an unknown land—

then,

then, when I told how famine and fatigue, diſcord and toil, day by day, did thin our ranks; amid cloſe-preſſing enemies, how ſtill undaunted I endured and dared—maintained my purpoſe and my power in deſpite of growling mutiny or bold revolt, till with my faithful few remaining I became at laſt victorious!—When, I ſay, of theſe things I ſpoke, the youth, Alonzo, with tears of wonder and delight, would throw him on my neck, and ſwear, his ſoul's ambition owned no other leader.

*Val.* What could ſubdue attachment ſo begun?

*Piz.* Las-Caſas—he it was, with faſcinating craft and canting precepts of humanity, raiſed in Alonzo's mind a new enthuſiaſm, which forced him, as the ſtripling termed it, to forego his country's claims for thoſe of human nature.

*Val.* Yes, the traitor left you, joined the Peruvians, and became thy enemy and Spain's.

*Piz.* But firſt with wearileſs remonſtrance he ſued to win me from my purpoſe, and untwine the ſword from my determined graſp. Much he ſpoke of right, of juſtice and humanity, calling the Peruvians our innocent and unoffending brethren.

*Val.* They!—Obdurate heathens!—They our brethren!

*Piz.* But when he found that the ſoft folly of the pleading tears he dropt upon my boſom fell on marble, he flew and joined the foe: then, profiting by the leſſons he had gain'd in wrong'd Pizarro's ſchool, the youth ſo diſciplined and led his new allies, that ſoon he forc'd me—Ha! I burn with ſhame and fury while I own it! in

baſe retreat and foul diſcomfiture to quit the ſhore.

*Val.* But the hour of revenge is come.

*Piz.* It is; I am returned—my force is ſtrengthened, and the audacious Boy ſhall ſoon know that Pizarro lives, and has—a grateful recollection of the thanks he owes him.

*Val.* 'Tis doubted whether ſtill Alonzo lives.

*Piz.* 'Tis certain that he does; one of his armour-bearers is juſt made priſoner: twelve thouſand is their force, as he reports, led by Alonzo and Peruvian Rolla. This day they make a ſolemn ſacrifice on their ungodly altars. We muſt profit by their ſecurity, and attack them unprepared—the ſacrificers ſhall become the victims.

*Elv.* *(Aſide.)* Wretched innocents! And their own blood ſhall bedew their altars!

*Piz.* Right! *(Trumpets without.)* Elvira, retire!

*Elv.* Why ſhould I retire?

*Piz.* Becauſe men are to meet here, and on manly buſineſs.

*Elv.* O, men! men! ungrateful and perverſe! O, woman! ſtill affectionate though wrong'd! The Beings to whoſe eyes you turn for animation, hope, and rapture, through the days of mirth and revelry; and on whoſe boſoms in the hour of ſore calamity you ſeek for reſt and conſolation; THEM, when the pompous follies of your mean ambition are the queſtion, you treat as playthings or as ſlaves!——I ſhall not retire.

*Piz.* Remain then---and, if thou canſt, be ſilent.

*Elv.* They only babble who practiſe not reflection. I ſhall think---and thought is ſilence.

*Piz.*

*Piz.* Ha!—there's ſomewhat in her manner lately—

[Pizarro *looks ſternly and ſuſpiciouſly towards* Elvira, *who meets him with a commanding and unaltered eye.*

*Enter* LAS-CASAS, ALMAGRO, GONZALO, DAVILLA, *Officers and Soldiers.*—*Trumpets without.*

*Las-C.* Pizarro, we attend your ſummons.

*Piz.* Welcome, venerable father—my friends, moſt welcome. Friends and fellow-ſoldiers, at length the hour is arrived, which to Pizarro's hopes preſents the full reward of our undaunted enterpriſe and long-enduring toils. Confident in ſecurity, this day the foe devotes to ſolemn ſacrifice: if with bold ſurpriſe we ſtrike on their ſolemnity---truſt to your leader's word—we ſhall not fail.

*Alm.* Too long inactive have we been mouldering on the coaſt—our ſtores exhauſted, and our ſoldiers murmuring—Battle! Battle!—then death to the arm'd, and chains for the defenceleſs.

*Dav.* Death to the whole Peruvian race!

*Las-C.* Merciful Heaven!

*Alm.* Yes, General, the attack, and inſtantly! Then ſhall Alonzo, baſking at his eaſe, ſoon ceaſe to ſcoff our ſuffering and ſcorn our force.

*Las-C.* Alonzo!—ſcorn and preſumption are not in his nature.

*Alm.* 'Tis fit Las-Caſas ſhould defend his pupil.

*Piz.* Speak not of the traitor—or hear his name but

but as the bloody ſummons to aſſault and vengeance. It appears we are agreed?

*Alm. and Dav.* We are.

*Gon.* All!—Battle! Battle!

*Las-C.* Is then the dreadful meaſure of your cruelty not yet compleat?—Battle!—gracious Heaven! Againſt whom?—Againſt a King, in whoſe mild boſom your atrocious injuries even yet have not excited hate! but who, inſulted or victorious, ſtill ſues for peace. Againſt a People who never wronged the living Being their Creator formed: a People, who, children of innocence! received you as cheriſh'd gueſts with eager hoſpitality and confiding kindneſs. Generouſly and freely did they ſhare with you their comforts, their treaſures, and their homes: you repaid them by fraud, oppreſſion, and diſhonour. Theſe eyes have witneſſed all I ſpeak—as Gods you were received; as Fiends have you acted.

*Piz.* Las-Caſas!

*Las-C.* Pizarro, hear me!—Hear me, chieftains!—And thou, All-powerful! whoſe thunders can ſhiver into ſand the adamantine rock—whoſe lightnings can pierce to the core of the rived and quaking earth—Oh! let thy power give effect to thy ſervant's words, as thy ſpirit gives courage to his will! Do not, I implore you, Chieftains—Countrymen—Do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities which your inſatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race!—But huſh, my ſighs—fall not, drops of uſeleſs ſorrow!—heart-breaking anguiſh, choke not my utterance—All I entreat is, ſend me once more to thoſe you *call* your enemies—Oh! let me be the meſſenger of penitence

nitence from you, I ſhall return with bleſſings and with peace from them.—Elvira, you weep! —Alas! and does this dreadful criſis move no heart but thine?

*Alm.* Becauſe there are no women here but ſhe and thou.

*Piz.* Cloſe this idle war of words: time flies, and our opportunity will be loſt. Chieftains, are ye for inſtant battle?

*All.* We are.

*Las-C.* Oh, men of blood!—*(Kneels.)* God! thou haſt anointed me thy ſervant—not to curſe, but to bleſs my countrymen: yet now my bleſſing on their force were blaſphemy againſt thy goodneſs.—*(Riſes.)* No! I curſe your purpoſe, homicides! I curſe the bond of blood by which you are united. May fell diviſion, infamy, and rout, defeat your projects and rebuke your hopes! On you, and on your children, be the peril of the innocent blood which ſhall be ſhed this day! I leave you, and for ever! No longer ſhall theſe aged eyes be feared by the horrors they have witneſſed. In caves, in foreſts, will I hide myſelf; with Tigers and with ſavage beaſts will I commune: and when at length we meet again before the bleſs'd tribunal of that Deity, whoſe mild doctrines and whoſe mercies ye have this day renounced, then ſhall YOU feel the agony and grief of ſoul which tear the boſom of your accuſer now! *(Going.)*

*Elv.* Las-Caſas! Oh! take me with thee, Las-Caſas.

*Las-C.* Stay! loſt, abuſed lady! I alone am uſeleſs here. Perhaps thy lovelineſs may perſuade to pity, where reaſon and religion plead in vain. Oh! ſave thy innocent fellow-creatures

if thou canſt: then ſhall thy frailty be redeemed, and thou wilt ſhare the mercy thou beſtoweſt.

[*Exit.*

*Piz.* How, Elvira! wouldſt thou leave me?

*Elv.* I am bewildered, grown terrified!—Your inhumanity—and that good Las-Caſas—oh! he appeared to me juſt now ſomething more than heavenly: and you! ye all looked worſe than earthly.

*Piz.* Compaſſion ſometimes becomes a beauty.

*Elv.* Humanity always becomes a conqueror.

*Alm.* Well! Heaven be praiſed, we are rid of the old moraliſt.

*Gon.* I hope he'll join his preaching pupil, Alonzo.

*Piz.* Now to prepare our muſter and our march. At mid-day is the hour of the ſacrifice. Conſulting with our guides, the route of your diviſions ſhall be given to each commander. If we ſurprife, we conquer; and if we conquer, the gates of Quito will be open to us.

*Alm.* And Pizarro then be monarch of Peru.

*Piz.* Not ſo faſt—ambition for a time muſt take counſel from diſcretion. Ataliba ſtill muſt hold the ſhadow of a ſceptre in his hand—Pizarro ſtill appear dependant upon Spain: while the pledge of future peace, his daughter's hand, ſecures the proud ſucceſſion to the crown I ſeek.

*Alm.* This is beſt. In Pizarro's plans obſerve the ſtateſman's wiſdom guides the warrior's valour.

*Val.* (*Aſide to* Elvira.) You mark, Elvira?

*Elv.* O, yes—this is beſt—this is excellent.

*Piz.* You ſeem offended. Elvira ſtill retains my heart. Think—a ſceptre waves me on.

*Elv.* Offended?—No!—Thou know'ſt thy glory

glory is my idol; and this will be moſt glorious, moſt juſt and honourable.

*Piz.* What mean you?

*Elv.* Oh! nothing—mere woman's prattle—a jealous whim, perhaps: but let it not impede the royal hero's courſe.—*(Trumpets without.)* The call of arms invites you—Away! away! you, his brave, his worthy fellow-warriors.

*Piz.* And go you not with me?

*Elv.* Undoubtedly! I needs muſt be the firſt to hail the future monarch of Peru.

*Enter* GOMEZ.

*Alm.* How, Gomez! what bring'ſt thou?

*Gom.* On yonder hill among the palm-trees we have ſurpriſed an old cacique; eſcape by flight he could not, and we ſeized him and his attendant unreſiſting; yet his lips breathe nought but bitterneſs and ſcorn.

*Piz.* Drag him before us.

[Gomez *leaves the tent, and returns conducting* Orozembo *and Attendant, in chains, guarded.*

What art thou, ſtranger?

*Oro.* Firſt tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers.

*Piz.* Ha!

*Alm.* Madman!—Tear out his tongue, or elſe——

*Oro.* Thou'lt hear ſome truth.

*Dav. (Shewing his poniard.)* Shall I not plunge this into his heart?

*Oro. (To* Piz.) Does your army boaſt many ſuch heroes as this?

*Piz.* Audacious!—This inſolence has ſealed

thy doom. Die thou ſhalt, grey-headed ruffian. But firſt confeſs what thou knoweſt.

*Oro.* I know that which thou haſt juſt aſſured me of—that I ſhall die.

*Piz.* Leſs audacity perhaps might have preſerved thy life.

*Oro.* My life is as a withered tree—it is not worth preſerving.

*Piz.* Hear me, old man. Even now we march againſt the Peruvian army. We know there is a ſecret path that leads to your ſtrong-hold among the rocks: guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wiſh—

*Oro.* Ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Piz.* Doſt thou deſpiſe my offer?

*Oro.* Thee and thy offer!—Wealth!—I have the wealth of two dear gallant ſons—I have ſtored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here—and ſtill my chiefeſt treaſure do I bear about me.

*Piz.* What is that? Inform me.

*Oro.* I will; for it never can be thine—the treaſure of a pure unſullied conſcience.

*Piz.* I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares ſpeak as thou doſt.

*Oro.* Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou doſt!

*Gon. (Aſide.)* Obdurate Pagan!—How numerous is your army?

*Oro.* Count the leaves of yonder foreſt.

*Alm.* Which is the weakeſt part of your camp?

*Oro.* It has no weak part—on every ſide 'tis fortified by juſtice.

*Piz.* Where have you concealed your wives and your children?

*Oro.*

*Oro.* In the hearts of their huſbands and their fathers.

*Piz.* Know'ſt thou Alonzo?

*Oro.* Know him!—Alonzo!—Know him!—Our nation's benefactor!—The guardian angel of Peru!

*Piz.* By what has he merited that title?

*Oro.* By not reſembling thee.

*Alm.* Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

*Oro.* I will anſwer that; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinſman of the King, is the idol of our army; in war a tiger, chafed by the hunter's ſpear; in peace as gentle as the unweaned lamb. CORA was once betrothed to him; but finding ſhe preferred Alonzo, he reſigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendſhip and to CORA's happineſs; yet ſtill he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

*Piz.* Romantic ſavage!—I ſhall meet this Rolla ſoon.

*Oro.* Thou hadſt better not! The terrors of his noble eye would ſtrike thee dead.

*Dav.* Silence, or tremble!

*Oro.* Beardleſs robber! I never yet have trembled before God—why ſhould I tremble before man?—Why before thee, thou leſs than man!

*Dav.* Another word, audacious heathen, and I ſtrike!

*Oro.* Strike, Chriſtian! Then boaſt among thy fellows—I too have murdered a Peruvian!

*Dav.* Hell and vengeance ſeize thee! *(Stabs him.)*

*Piz.* Hold!

*Dav.*

*Dav.* Couldſt thou longer have endured his inſults?

*Piz.* And therefore ſhould he die untortured?

*Oro.* True! Obſerve, young man—your unthinking raſhneſs has ſaved me from the rack; and you yourſelf have loſt the opportunity of a uſeful leſſon; you might have ſeen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments, and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

*Elv.* *(Supporting* Orozembo's *head upon her boſom.)* Oh! ye are monſters all. Look up, thou martyr'd innocent—look up once more, and bleſs me ere thou dieſt. God! how I pity thee!

*Oro.* Pity me!—Me! ſo near my happineſs! Bleſs thee, lady!—Spaniards—Heaven turn your hearts, and pardon you as I do. (Orozembo *is borne off dying.)*

*Piz.* Away!—Davilla! If thus raſh a ſecond time—

*Dav.* Forgive the haſty indignation which—

*Piz.* No more—unbind that trembling wretch—let him depart; 'tis well he ſhould report the mercy which we ſhow to inſolent defiance.—Hark!—our troops are moving.

*Attendant.* *(On paſſing* Elvira.) If through your gentle means my maſter's poor remains might be preſerved from inſult—

*Elv.* I underſtand you.

*Att.* His ſons may yet thank your charity, if not avenge their father's fate. [*Exit.*

*Piz.* What ſays the ſlave?

*Elv.* A parting word to thank you for your mercy.

*Piz.* Our guard and guides approach. *(Soldiers march through the tents.)* Follow me, friends—

each

each ſhall have his poſt aſſigned, and ere Peruvia's God ſhall ſink beneath the main, the Spaniſh banner, bathed in blood, ſhall float above the walls of vanquiſh'd Quito. [*Exeunt.*

*Manent* ELVIRA *and* VALVERDE.

*Val.* Is it now preſumption that my hopes gain ſtrength with the increaſing horrors which I ſee appal Elvira's ſoul?

*Elv.* I am mad with terror and remorſe! Would I could fly theſe dreadful ſcenes!

*Val.* Might not Valverde's true attachment be thy refuge?

*Elv.* What wouldſt thou do to ſave or to avenge me?

*Val.* I dare do all thy injuries may demand—a word—and he lies bleeding at your feet.

*Elv.* Perhaps we will ſpeak again of this. Now leave me. [*Exit* Valverde.

*Elv.* (*Alone.*) No! not this revenge—no! not this inſtrument. Fie, Elvira! even for a moment to counſel with this unworthy traitor! —Can a wretch, falſe to a confiding maſter, be true to any pledge of love or honour?—Pizarro will abandon me—yes; me—who, for his ſake, have ſacrificed—Oh, God!—What have I not ſacrificed for him; yet, curbing the avenging pride that ſwells this boſom, I ſtill will further try him. Oh, men! ye who, wearied by the fond fidelity of virtuous love, ſeek in the wanton's flattery a new delight, oh, ye may inſult and leave the hearts to which your faith was pledged, and, ſtifling ſelf-reproach, may fear no other peril; becauſe ſuch hearts, howe'er you injure and deſert them, have yet the proud

proud retreat of an unſpotted fame---of unreproaching conſcience. But beware the deſperate libertine who forſakes the creature whom his arts have firſt deprived of all natural protection---of all ſelf-conſolation! What has he left her?---Deſpair and vengeance! [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

# ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*A Bank ſurrounded by a wild Wood, and Rocks.—* CORA, *ſitting on the root of a tree, is playing with her Child.—* ALONZO *looks over them with delight and chearfulneſs.*

*Cora.* NOW confeſs, does he reſemble thee, or not?

*Al.* Indeed he is liker thee—thy roſy ſoftneſs, thy ſmiling gentleneſs.

*Cora.* But his auburn hair, the colour of his eyes, Alonzo.—O! my lord's image, and my heart's adored! *(Preſſing the Child to her boſom.)*

*Al.* The little daring urchin robs me, I doubt, of ſome portion of thy love, my Cora. At leaſt he ſhares careſſes, which till his birth were only mine.

*Cora.* Oh no, Alonzo! a mother's love for her dear babe is not a ſtealth, or taken from the father's ſtore; it is a new delight that turns with quicken'd gratitude to HIM, the author of her augmented bliſs.

*Al.* Could Cora think me ſerious?

*Cora.* I am ſure he will ſpeak ſoon: then will be the laſt of the three holydays allowed by Nature's ſanction to the fond anxious mother's heart.

*Al.* What are thoſe three?

*Cora.* The ecſtacy of his birth I paſs; that in part is ſelfiſh: but when firſt the white bloſſoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimſon buds that did incaſe them; that is a day of joy: next, when from his father's arms he runs without ſupport, and clings, laughing and delighted, to his mother's knee; that is the mother's heart's next holyday: and ſweeter ſtill the third, whene'er his little ſtammering tongue ſhall utter the grateful ſound of, Father, Mother!—O! that is the deareſt joy of all!

*Al.* Beloved Cora!

*Cora.* Oh! my Alonzo! daily, hourly, do I pour thanks to Heaven for the dear bleſſing I poſſeſs in him and thee.

*Al.* To Heaven and Rolla.

*Cora.* Yes, to Heaven and Rolla; and art thou not grateful to them too, Alonzo? art thou not happy?

*Al.* Can Cora aſk that queſtion?

*Cora.* Why then of late ſo reſtleſs on thy couch? Why to my waking watching ear ſo often does the ſtillneſs of the night betray thy ſtruggling ſighs?

*Al.* Muſt not I fight againſt my country, againſt my brethren?

*Cora.* Do they not ſeek our deſtruction, and are not all men brethren?

*Al.* Should they prove victorious?

*Cora.* I will fly, and meet thee in the mountains.

*Al.* Fly, with thy infant, Cora?

*Cora.* What! think you a mother, when ſhe runs from danger, can feel the weight of her child?

*Al.* Cora, my beloved, do you wiſh to ſet my heart at reſt?

*Cora.*

*Cora.* Oh yes! yes! yes!

*Al.* Haſten then now to the concealment in the mountains; there dwells your father, and there all our matrons and virgins, and our warriors' offspring, are allotted to await the iſſue of the war. Cora will not alone reſiſt her huſband's, her ſiſters', and her monarch's wiſh.

*Cora.* Alonzo, I cannot leave you: Oh! how in every moment's abſence would my fancy paint you, wounded, alone, abandon'd! No, no, I cannot leave you.

*Al.* Rolla will be with me.

*Cora.* Yes, while the battle rages, and where it rages moſt, brave Rolla will be found. He may revenge, but cannot ſave thee. To follow danger, he will leave even thee. But I have ſworn never to forſake thee but with life. Dear, dear Alonzo! can you wiſh that I ſhould break my vow?

*Al.* Then be it ſo. Oh! excellence in all that's great and lovely, in courage, gentleneſs, and truth; my pride, my content, my all! Can there on this earth be fools who ſeek for happineſs, and paſs by love in the purſuit?

*Cora.* Alonzo, I cannot thank you: ſilence is the gratitude of true affection; who ſeeks to follow it by ſound will miſs the track. *(Shout without.)* Does the King approach?

*Al.* No, 'tis the General placing the guard that will ſurround the temple during the ſacrifice. 'Tis Rolla comes, the firſt and beſt of heroes. *(Trumpets ſound.)*

ROLLA.

*Rol. (as entering.)* Then place them on the hill fronting the Spaniſh camp. *(Enters.)*

*Cora.* Rolla! my friend, my brother!

*Al.* Rolla! my friend, my benefactor! how can our lives repay the obligations which we owe you?

*Rol.* Paſs them in peace and bliſs.—Let Rolla witneſs it, he is overpaid.

*Cora.* Look on this child—He is the life-blood of my heart; but if ever he loves or reveres thee leſs than his own father, his mother's hate fall on him!

*Rol.* Oh, no more!—What ſacrifice have I made to merit gratitude? The object of my love was Cora's happineſs.—I ſee her happy.—Is not my object gain'd, and am I not rewarded? Now, Cora, liſten to a friend's advice. You muſt away; you muſt ſeek the ſacred caverns, the unprofan'd receſs, whither, after this day's ſacrifice, our matrons, and e'en the Virgins of the Sun, retire.

*Cora.* Not ſecure with Alonzo and with thee, Rolla?

*Rol.* We have heard Pizarro's plan is to ſurpriſe us.—Thy preſence, Cora, cannot aid, but may impede our efforts.

*Cora.* Impede!

*Rol.* Yes, yes. Thou know'ſt how tenderly we love thee; we, thy huſband and thy friend. Art thou near us? our thoughts, our valour—vengeance will not be our own.—No advantage will be purſued that leads us from the ſpot where thou art placed; no ſuccour will be given but for thy protection. The faithful lover dares not be all himſelf amid the war, until he knows that the beloved of his ſoul is abſent from the peril of the fight.

*Al.* Thanks to my friend! 'tis this I would have urged.

*Cora.*

*Cora.* This timid excess of love, producing fear instead of valour, flatters, but does not convince me: the wife is incredulous.

*Rol.* And is the mother unbelieving too?

*Cora.* No more—Do with me as you please. My friend, my husband! place me where you will.

*Al.* My adored! we thank you both. *(March without.)* Hark! the King approaches to the sacrifice. You, Rolla, spoke of rumours of surprise.—A servant of mine, I hear, is missing; whether surprised or treacherous, I know not.

*Rol.* It matters not. We are every where prepared. Come, Cora, upon the altar 'mid the rocks thou'lt implore a blessing on our cause. The pious supplication of the trembling wife, and mother's heart, rises to the throne of mercy, the most resistless prayer of human homage.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The Temple of the Sun: it represents the magnificence of Peruvian idolatry: in the centre is the altar.—A solemn march.—The Warriors and King enter on one side of the Temple.*—ROLLA, ALONZO, *and* CORA, *on the other.*

*Ata.* Welcome, Alonzo!—*(To* Rolla.) Kinsman, thy hand.--*(To* Cora.) Bless'd be the object of the happy mother's love.

*Cora.* May the sun bless the father of his people!

*Ata.* In the welfare of his children lives the happiness of their King. Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers?

*Rol.* Such as becomes the cause which they support;

support; their cry is, Victory or death! our King! our Country! and our God!

*Ata.* Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, haſt been wont to animate the ſpirit of their leaders, ere we proceed to conſecrate the banners which thy valour knows ſo well to guard.

*Rol.* Yet never was the hour of peril near, when to inſpire them words were ſo little needed. My brave aſſociates—partners of my toil, my feelings and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inſpire your hearts?——No—YOU have judged as I have, the foulneſs of the craſty plea by which theſe bold invaders would delude you—Your generous ſpirit has compared as mine has, the motives, which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds, and OURS.—THEY, by a ſtrange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—WE, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—THEY follow an Adventurer whom they fear—and obey a power which they hate—WE ſerve a Monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in anger, deſolation tracks their progreſs!—Where'er they pauſe in amity, affliction mourns their friendſhip!—They boaſt, they come but to improve our ſtate, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—THEY will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themſelves the ſlaves of paſſion, avarice, and pride.—They offer us their protection—Yes, ſuch protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the deſperate chance of ſomething better which they promiſe.—Be

our plain anſwer this: The throne we honour is the PEOPLE'S CHOICE—the laws we reverence are our brave Fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliſs beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we ſeek no change; and, leaſt of all, ſuch change as they would bring us.

[*Trumpets ſound.*

*Ata.* (*Embracing* Rolla.) Now, holy friends, ever mindful of theſe ſacred truths, begin the ſacrifice. (*A ſolemn Proceſſion commences from the receſs of the Temple above the Altar—The Prieſts and Virgins of the Sun arrange themſelves on either ſide—The High-Prieſt approaches the Altar, and the ſolemnity begins—The Invocation of the High-Prieſt is followed by the Choruſſes of the Prieſts and Virgins—Fire from above lights upon the Altar.—The whole aſſembly riſe, and join in the Thankſgiving.*) Our offering is accepted.—Now to arms, my friends, prepare for battle.

*Enter* ORANO.

*Ora.* The enemy!

*Ata.* How near?

*Ora.* From the hill's brow, e'en now as I o'erlooked their force, ſuddenly I perceived the whole in motion: with eager haſte they march towards our deſerted camp, as if appriſed of this moſt ſolemn ſacrifice.

*Rol.* They muſt be met before they reach it.

*Ata.* And you, my daughters, with your dear children, away to the appointed place of ſafety.

*Cora.*

*Cora.* Oh, Alonzo! *(Embracing him.)*

*Al.* We ſhall meet again.

*Cora.* Bleſs us once more, ere you leave us.

*Al.* Heaven protect and bleſs thee, my beloved; and thee, my innocent!

*Ata.* Haſte, haſte!—each moment is precious!

*Cora.* Farewell, Alonzo! Remember thy life is mine.

*Rol.* Not one farewell to Rolla?

*Cora. (Giving him her hand.)* Farewell! The God of war be with you: but, bring me back Alonzo. [*Exit with the Child.*

*Ata. (Draws his ſword.)* Now, my brethren, my ſons, my friends, I know your valour.—Should ill ſucceſs aſſail us, be deſpair the laſt feeling of your hearts.—If ſucceſsful, let mercy be the firſt. Alonzo, to you I give to defend the narrow paſſage of the mountains. On the right of the wood be Rolla's ſtation. For me, ſtrait forwards will I march to meet them, and fight until I ſee my people ſaved, or they behold their Monarch fall. Be the word of battle —God! and our native land. *(A march.)*

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The Wood between the Temple and the Camp.*

*Enter* ROLLA *and* ALONZO.

*Rol.* Here, my friend, we ſeparate—ſoon, I truſt, to meet again in triumph.

*Al.* Or perhaps we part to meet no more. Rolla, a moment's pauſe; we are yet before our army's

army's ſtrength; one earneſt word at parting.

*Rol.* There is in language now no word but battle.

*Al.* Yes, one word more—Cora!

*Rol.* Cora! Speak!

*Al.* The next hour brings us—

*Rol.* Death or victory!

*Al.* It may be victory to one—death to the other.

*Rol.* Or both may fall.

*Al.* If ſo, my wife and child I bequeath to the protection of Heaven and my King. But ſhould I only fall, Rolla, be thou my heir.

*Rol.* How?

*Al.* Be Cora thy wife—be thou a father to my child.

*Rol.* Rouſe thee, Alonzo! Baniſh theſe timid fancies.

*Al.* Rolla! I have tried in vain, and cannot fly from the foreboding which oppreſſes me: thou know'ſt it will not ſhake me in the fight; but give me your promiſe.

*Rol.* If it be Cora's will—Yes—I promiſe—*(Gives his hand.)*

*Al.* Tell her it was my laſt wiſh! and bear to her and to my ſon, my laſt bleſſing.

*Rol.* I will.—Now then to our poſts, and let our ſwords ſpeak for us. *(They draw their ſwords.)*

*Al.* For the King and Cora!

*Rol.* For Cora and the King!

[*Exeunt different ways. Alarms without.*

## SCENE IV.

*A View of the Peruvian Camp, with a diſtant View of a Peruvian Village. Trees growing from a rocky Eminence on one Side. Alarms continue.*

*Enter an Old blind Man and a Boy.*

*O. Man.* Have none returned to the camp?

*Boy.* One meſſenger alone. From the temple they all march'd to meet the foe.

*O. Man.* Hark! I hear the din of battle. O! had I ſtill retain'd my ſight, I might now have graſp'd a ſword, and died a ſoldier's death! Are we quite alone?

*Boy.* Yes!—I hope my father will be ſafe!

*O. Man.* He will do his duty. I am more anxious for thee, my child.

*Boy.* I can ſtay with you, dear grandfather.

*O. Man.* But ſhould the enemy come, they will drag thee from me, my boy.

*Boy.* Impoſſible, grandfather! for they will ſee at once that you are old and blind, and cannot do without me.

*O. Man.* Poor child! you little know the hearts of theſe inhuman men.—*(Diſcharge of cannon heard.)* Hark! the noiſe is near—I hear the dreadful roaring of the fiery engines of theſe cruel ſtrangers.—*(Shouts at a diſtance.)* At every ſhout, with involuntary haſte I clench my hand, and fancy ſtill it graſps a ſword! Alas! I can only ſerve my country by my prayers. Heaven preſerve the Inca and his gallant ſoldiers!

*Boy.* O father! there are ſoldiers running—

*O. Man.* Spaniards, boy?

*Boy.* No, Peruvians!

*O. Man.* How! and flying from the field!—It cannot be.

*Enter two Peruvian Soldiers.*

O, ſpeak to them, boy!—Whence come you? How goes the battle?

*Sol.* We may not ſtop; we are ſent for the reſerve behind the hill. The day's againſt us.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

*O. Man.* Quick, then, quick!

*Boy.* I ſee the points of lances glittering in the light.

*O. Man.* Thoſe are Peruvians. Do they bend this way?

*Enter a Peruvian Soldier.*

*Boy.* Soldier, ſpeak to my blind father.

*Sol.* I'm ſent to tell the helpleſs father to retreat among the rocks: all will be loſt, I fear. The King is wounded.

*O. Man.* Quick, boy! Lead me to the hill, where thou may'ſt view the plain. (*Alarms.*)

*Enter* ATALIBA, *wounded, with* ORANO, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

*Ata.* My wound is bound; believe me, the hurt is nothing: I may return to the fight.

*Ora.* Pardon your ſervant; but the allotted prieſt who attends the ſacred banner has pronounced that the Inca's blood once ſhed, no bleſſing can await the day until he leave the field.

*Ata.* Hard reſtraint! O! my poor brave ſoldiers!—Hard that I may no longer be a witneſs

of their valour. But haſte you; return to your comrades: I will not keep one ſoldier from his poſt. Go, and avenge your fallen brethren. [*Exeunt* Orano, *Officers, and Soldiers.*] I will not repine; my own fate is the laſt anxiety of my heart. It is for you, my people, that I feel and fear.

*Old Man and Boy advance.*

*O. Man.* Did I not hear the voice of an unfortunate?—Who is it complains thus?

*Ata.* One almoſt by hope forſaken.

*O. Man.* Is the King alive?

*Ata.* The King ſtill lives.

*O. Man.* Then thou art not forſaken! Ataliba protects the meaneſt of his ſubjects.

*Ata.* And who ſhall protect Ataliba?

*O. Man.* The immortal Powers, that protect the juſt. The virtues of our Monarch alike ſecure to him the affection of his people and the benign regard of Heaven.

*Ata.* How impious, had I murmured! How wondrous, thou ſupreme Diſpoſer, are thy acts! Even in this moment, which I had thought the bittereſt trial of mortal ſuffering, thou haſt infuſed the ſweeteſt ſenſation of my life—it is the aſſurance of my people's love.

*Boy. (Turning forward.)* O, father!—Stranger, ſee thoſe hideous men that ruſh upon us yonder!

*Ata.* Ha! Spaniards!—And I—Ataliba—ill-fated fugitive, without a ſword even to try the ranſom of a monarch life.

*Enter*

to

*Enter* DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, *and Spaniſh Soldiers.*

*Dav.* 'Tis he—our hopes are anſwered—I know him well—it is the King!

*Alm.* Away! Follow with your royal prize. Avoid thoſe Peruvians, though in flight. This way we may regain our line.

[*Exeunt* Davilla, Almagro, *and Soldiers, with* Ataliba *priſoner.*

*O. Man.* The King! Wretched old man, that could not ſee his gracious form!—Boy, would thou hadſt led me to the reach of thoſe ruffians' ſwords!

*Boy.* Father! all our countrymen are flying here for refuge.

*O. Man.* No—to the reſcue of their King—they never will deſert him. (*Alarms without.*)

*Enter Peruvian Officers and Soldiers, flying acroſs the ſtage;* ORANO *following.*

*Ora.* Hold, I charge you! Rolla calls you.

*Officer.* We cannot combat with their dreadful engines.

*Enter* ROLLA.

*Rol.* Hold, recreants! cowards!—What, fear ye death, and fear not ſhame? By my ſoul's fury, I cleave to the earth the firſt of you that ſtirs, or plunge your daſtard ſwords into your leader's heart, that he no more may witneſs your diſgrace. Where is the King?

*Ora.* From this old man and boy I learn that the detachment of the enemy which you obſerved

ſerved ſo ſuddenly to quit the field, have ſucceeded in ſurpriſing him; they are yet in ſight.

*Rol.* And bear the Inca off a priſoner?—Hear this, ye baſe, diſloyal rout! Look there! The duſt you ſee hangs on the bloody Spaniards' track, dragging with ruffian taunts your King, your father!—Ataliba in bondage. Now fly, and ſeek your own vile ſafety, if you can.

*O. Man.* Bleſs the voice of Rolla—and bleſs the ſtroke I once lamented, but which now ſpares theſe extinguiſhed eyes the ſhame of ſeeing the pale trembling wretches who dare not follow Rolla though to ſave their King!

*Rol.* Shrink ye from the thunder of the foe—and fall ye not at this rebuke? Oh! had ye each but one drop of the loyal blood which guſhes to waſte through the brave heart of this ſightleſs veteran! Eternal ſhame purſue you, if you deſert me now!—But do—alone I go—alone—to die with glory by my monarch's ſide!

*Soldiers.* Rolla! we'll follow thee. (*Trumpets ſound*; Rolla *ruſhes out, followed by* Orano, *Officers, and Soldiers.*)

*O. Man.* O godlike Rolla!—And thou ſun, ſend from thy clouds avenging lightning to his aid!—Haſte, my boy; aſcend ſome height, and tell to my impatient terror what thou ſeeſt.

*Boy.* I can climb this rock, and the tree above. (*Aſcends a rock, and from thence into the tree.*) O—now I ſee them—now—yes—and the Spaniards turning by the ſteep.

*O. Man.* Rolla follows them?

*Boy.* He does—he does—he moves like an arrow!—now he waves his arm to our ſoldiers—

(*Report*

*(Report of cannon heard.)* Now there is fire and ſmoke.

*O. Man.* Yes, *fire* is the weapon of thoſe fiends.

*Boy.* The wind blows off the ſmoke: they are all mixed together.

*O. Man.* Seeſt thou the King?

*Boy.* Yes—Rolla is near him! His ſword ſheds fire as he ſtrikes!

*O. Man.* Bleſs thee, Rolla! Spare not the monſters.

*Boy.* Father! father! the Spaniards fly!—O—now I ſee the King embracing Rolla. *(Waving his cap for joy. Shouts of victory, flouriſh of trumpets, &c.)*

*O. Man. (Falls on his knees.)* Fountain of life! how can my exhauſted breath bear to thee thanks for this one moment of my life! My boy, come down, and let me kiſs thee—My ſtrength is gone! *(The Boy having run to the Old Man)*

*Boy.* Let me help you, father—You tremble ſo——

*O. Man.* 'Tis with tranſport, boy!

[*Boy leads the Old Man off.*

*Shouts, Flouriſh, &c.*

*Enter* ATALIBA, ROLLA, *and Peruvian Officers and Soldiers.*

*Ata.* In the name of my people, the ſaviour of whoſe ſovereign you have this day been, accept this emblem of his gratitude. *(Giving* Rolla *his ſun of diamonds.)* The tear that falls upon it may for a moment dim its luſtre, yet does it not impair the value of the gift.

*Rol.*

*Rol.* It was the hand of Heaven, not mine, that ſaved my King.

*Enter* ORANO, *and Soldiers.*

*Rol.* Now, ſoldier, from Alonzo?

*Ora.* Alonzo's genius ſoon repaired the panic which early broke our ranks; but I fear we have to mourn Alonzo's loſs; his eager ſpirit urged him too far in the purſuit!

*Ata.* How! Alonzo ſlain?

*1ſt Sol.* I ſaw him fall.

*2d Sol.* Truſt me I beheld him up again and fighting—he was then ſurrounded and diſarmed.

*Ata.* O! victory, dearly purchaſed!

*Rol.* O Cora! Who ſhall tell thee this?

*Ata.* Rolla, our friend is loſt—our native country ſaved! Our private ſorrows muſt yield to the public claim for triumph. Now go we to fulfil the firſt, the moſt ſacred duty which belongs to victory—to dry the widowed and the orphaned tear of thoſe whoſe brave protectors have periſhed in their country's cauſe.

[*Triumphant march, and exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

# ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*A wild Retreat among ſtupendous Rocks.*—CORA *and her Child, with other Wives and Children of the Peruvian Warriors, are ſcattered about the ſcene in groups.—They ſing alternately, Stanzas expreſſive of their ſituation, with a* CHORUS, *in which all join.*

*1ſt Peruvian Woman.*

ZULUGA, ſeeſt thou nothing yet?

*Zul.* Yes, two Peruvian ſoldiers, one on the hill; the other entering the thicket in the vale.

*2d Per. Woman.* One more has paſs'd.—He comes—but pale and terrified.

*Cora.* My heart will ſtart from my boſom.

*Enter a Peruvian Soldier, panting for breath.*

*Wom.* Well! joy or death?

*Sold.* The battle is againſt us. The King is wounded, and a priſoner.

*Wom.* Deſpair and miſery!

*Cora. (In a faint voice.)* And Alonzo?

*Sold.* I have not ſeen him.

*1ſt Wom.* Oh! whither muſt we fly?

*2d Wom.* Deeper into the foreſt.

*Cora.* I ſhall not move.

*Another Peruvian Soldier, (without.)* Victory! victory!

*He enters haſtily.*

Rejoice! Rejoice! We are victorious!

*Wom.* (*Springing up.*) Welcome! welcome! thou meſſenger of joy: but the King!

*Sold.* He leads the brave warriors, who approach.

(*The triumphant march of the army is heard at a diſtance.—The Women and Children join in a ſtrain expreſſive of anxiety and exultation.—The Warriors enter ſinging the Song of Victory, in which all join.—The King and* ROLLA *follow, and are met with rapturous and affectionate reſpect.* CORA, *during this ſcene, with her Child in her arms, runs through the ranks ſearching and inquiring for* ALONZO.)

*Ata.* Thanks, thanks, my children! I am well: believe it; the blood once ſtopp'd, my wound was nothing. (Cora *at length approaches* Rolla, *who appears to have been mournfully avoiding her.*) Where is Alonzo?

(Rolla *turns away in ſilence.*)

*Cora.* (*Falling at the King's feet.*) Give me my huſband, give this child his father.

*Ata.* I grieve that Alonzo is not here.

*Cora.* Hop'd you to find him?

*Ata.* Moſt anxiouſly,

*Cora.* Ataliba! is he not dead?

*Ata.* No! the Gods will have heard our prayers.

*Cora.* Is he not dead, Ataliba?

*Ata.* He lives—in my heart.

*Cora.* Oh King! torture me not thus! ſpeak out, is this child fatherleſs?

*Ata.* Deareſt Cora! do not thus daſh aſide the little hope that ſtill remains.

*Cora.* The little hope! yet ſtill there *is* hope! Speak to me, Rolla: *you* are the *friend of truth.*

*Rol.* Alonzo has not been found.

*Cora.* Not found! What mean you? will not

*you*, Rolla, tell me truth? Oh! let me not hear the thunder rolling at a diſtance; let the bolt fall and cruſh my brain at once.—Say not that he is not found: ſay at once that he is dead.

*Rol.* Then ſhould I ſay falſe.

*Cora. Falſe!* Bleſſings on thee for that word! But ſnatch me from this terrible ſuſpenſe. Lift up thy little hands, my child; perhaps thy ignorance may plead better than thy mother's agony.

*Rol.* Alonzo is taken priſoner.

*Cora.* Priſoner! and by the Spaniards? Pizarro's priſoner? Then is he dead.

*Ata.* Hope better--the richeſt ranſom which our realm can yield, a herald ſhall this inſtant bear.

*Per. Wom.* Oh! for Alonzo's ranſom—our gold, our gems!—all! all!—Here, dear Cora, —here! here!

*(The Peruvian Women eagerly tear off all their ornaments, and run and take them from their children, to offer them to* Cora.)

*Ata.* Yes, for Alonzo's ranſom they wou'd give all!—I thank thee, Father, who haſt given me ſuch hearts to rule over!

*Cora.* Now one boon more, beloved monarch. Let me go with the herald.

*Ata.* Remember, Cora, thou art not a wife only, but a mother too: hazard not your own honour, and the ſafety of your infant. Among theſe barbarians the ſight of thy youth, thy lovelineſs, and innocence, would but rivet faſter your Alonzo's chains, and rack his heart with added fears for thee.—Wait, Cora, the return of the herald.

*Cora.* Teach me how to live till then.

*Ata.* Now we go to offer to the Gods, thanks for our victory, and prayers for our Alonzo's ſafety. [*March and proceſſion. Exeunt omnes.*

## SCENE II.

*The Wood.*

*Enter* CORA *and Child.*

*Cora.* Mild innocence, what will become of thee?

*Enter* ROLLA.

*Rol.* Cora, I attend thy ſummons at th' appointed ſpot.

*Cora.* Oh my child, my boy!—haſt thou ſtill a father?

*Rol.* Cora, can thy child be fatherleſs, while Rolla lives?

*Cora.* Will he not ſoon want a mother too?—For canſt thou think I will ſurvive Alonzo's loſs?

*Rol.* Yes! for his child's ſake.—Yes, as thou didſt love Alonzo, Cora, liſten to Alonzo's friend.

*Cora.* You bid me liſten to the world.—Who was not Alonzo's friend?

*Rol.* His parting words——

*Cora.* His parting words! *(Wildly.)* Oh, ſpeak!

*Rol.* Conſign'd to me two precious truſts—his bleſſing to his ſon, and a laſt requeſt to thee.

*Cora.* His *laſt* requeſt! his *laſt!*—Oh, name it!

*Rol.* If I fall, ſaid he—(and ſad forebodings ſhook him while he ſpoke)—promiſe to take my Cora for thy wife; be thou a father to my child.—I pledged my word to him, and we parted.—Obſerve me, Cora, I repeat this only, as my faith to do ſo was given to Alonzo—for myſelf, I neither cheriſh claim or hope.

*Cora.* Ha! does my reaſon fail me, or what

is

is this horrid light that preſſes on my brain? Oh, Alonzo! It may be thou haſt fallen a victim to thy own guileleſs heart—hadſt thou been ſilent, hadſt thou not made a fatal legacy of theſe wretched charms——

*Rol.* Cora! what hateful ſuſpicion has poſſeſſed thy mind?

*Cora.* Yes, yes, 'tis clear—his ſpirit was enſnar'd; he was led to the fatal ſpot, where mortal valour could not front a hoſt of murderers—He fell—in vain did he exclaim for help to Rolla. At a diſtance you look'd on and ſmil'd—You could have ſaved him—could—but did not.

*Rol.* Oh, glorious ſun! can I have deſerved this? Cora, rather bid me ſtrike this ſword into my heart.

*Cora.* No! live! live for love! for that love thou ſeekeſt; whoſe bloſſoms are to ſhoot from the bleeding grave of thy betray'd and ſlaughter'd friend!—But thou haſt borne to me the *laſt words* of my *Alonzo!* Now hear *mine*—Sooner ſhall this boy draw poiſon from this tortured breaſt—ſooner would I link me to the pallid corſe of the meaneſt wretch that periſh'd with Alonzo, than he call Rolla father—than I call Rolla huſband!

*Rol.* Yet call me what I am—thy friend, thy protector!

*Cora. (Diſtractedly.)* Away! I have no protector but my God!—With this child in my arms will I haſten to the field of ſlaughter—There with theſe hands will I turn up to the light every mangled body—ſeeking, howe'er by death diſfigur'd, the ſweet ſmile of my Alonzo:—with fearful cries I will ſhriek out his name till my veins ſnap! If the ſmalleſt

ſmalleſt ſpark of life remains, he will know the voice of his Cora, open for a moment his unſhrouded eyes, and bleſs me with a laſt look: But if we find him not—Oh! then, my boy, we will to the Spaniſh camp—that look of thine will win me paſſage through a thouſand ſwords—They too are men.—Is there a heart that could drive back the wife that ſeeks her bleeding huſband; or the innocent babe that cries for his impriſon'd father? No, no, my child, every where we ſhall be ſafe.—A wretched mother bearing a poor orphan in her arms, has Nature's paſſport through the world. Yes, yes, my ſon, we'll go and ſeek thy father. [*Exit with the Child.*

*Rol.* (*After a pauſe of agitation.*) Could I have merited one breath of thy reproaches, Cora, I ſhould be the wretch—I think I was not formed to be.—HER ſafety muſt be my preſent purpoſe—then to convince her ſhe has wronged me! [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Pizarro's Tent.*

PIZARRO, *traverſing the ſcene in gloomy and furious agitation.*

Well, capricious idol, Fortune, be my ruin, thy work and boaſt. To myſelf I will ſtill be true.—Yet ere I fall, grant me thy ſmile to proſper in one act of vengeance, and be that ſmile Alonzo's death.

*Enter* ELVIRA.

Who's there? who dares intrude? Why does my guard neglect their duty?

*Elv.* Your guard did what they could—but they

they knew their duty better than to enforce authority, when I refuſed obedience.

*Piz.* And what is it you deſire?

*Elv.* To ſee how a hero bears misfortune. Thou, Pizarro, art not now collected—not thyſelf.

*Piz.* Wouldſt thou I ſhould rejoice that the ſpears of the enemy, led by accurs'd Alonzo, have pierced the braveſt hearts of my followers?

*Elv.* No!—I would have thee cold and dark as the night that follows the departed ſtorm; ſtill and ſullen as the awful pauſe that precedes Nature's convulſion: yet I would have thee feel aſſured that a new morning ſhall ariſe, when the warrior's ſpirit ſhall ſtalk forth—nor fear the future, nor lament the paſt.

*Piz.* Woman! Elvira!—Why had not all my men hearts like thine?

*Elv.* Then would thy brows have this day worn the crown of Quito.

*Piz.* Oh! hope fails me while that ſcourge of my life and fame, Alonzo, leads the enemy.

*Elv.* Pizarro, I am come to probe the hero farther: not now his courage, but his magnanimity—Alonzo is your priſoner.

*Piz.* How!

*Elv.* 'Tis certain; Valverde ſaw him even now dragged in chains within your camp. I choſe to bring you the intelligence myſelf.

*Piz.* Bleſs thee, Elvira, for the news!—Alonzo in my power!—then I am the conqueror—the victory is MINE!

*Elv.* Pizarro, this is ſavage and unmanly triumph. Believe me, you raiſe impatience in my mind to ſee the man whoſe valour, and whoſe genius, awe Pizarro; whoſe misfortunes

are

are Pizarro's triumph; whoſe bondage is Pizarro's ſafety.

*Piz.* Guard!—*(Enter Guard.)*—Drag here the Spaniſh priſoner, Alonzo!—Quick bring the traitor here. [*Exit Guard.*

*Elv.* What ſhall be his fate?

*Piz.* Death! death! in lingering torments! protracted to the laſt ſtretch that burning vengeance can deviſe, and fainting life ſuſtain.

*Elv.* Shame on thee! Wilt thou have it ſaid that the Peruvians found Pizarro could not conquer till Alonzo felt that he could murder?

*Piz.* Be it ſaid—I care not. His fate is ſealed.

*Elv.* Follow then thy will: but mark me; if baſely thou doſt ſhed the blood of this brave youth, Elvira's loſt to thee for ever.

*Piz.* Why this intereſt for a ſtranger? What is Alonzo's fate to thee?

*Elv.* His fate!—nothing!—thy glory, every thing!—Think'ſt thou I could love thee ſtript of fame, of honour, and a juſt renown?—Know me better.

*Piz.* Thou ſhouldſt have known ME better. Thou ſhouldſt have known, that, once provoked to hate, I am for ever fixed in vengeance.—(Alonzo *is brought in, in chains, guarded.* Elvira *obſerves him with attention and admiration.)*—Welcome, welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina; 'tis long ſince we have met: thy mended looks ſhould ſpeak a life of rural indolence. How is it that amid the toils and cares of war thou doſt preſerve the healthful bloom of careleſs eaſe? Tell me thy ſecret.

*Al.* Thou wilt not profit by it. Whate'er the toils or cares of war, peace full is *here.* *(Putting his hand to his heart.)*

*Piz.*

*Piz.* Sarcaſtic boy!

*Elv.* Thou art anſwered rightly. Why ſport with the unfortunate?

*Piz.* And thou art wedded too, I hear; aye, and the father of a lovely boy—the heir, no doubt, of all his father's loyalty; of all his mother's faith.

*Al.* The heir, I truſt, of all his father's ſcorn of fraud, oppreſſion, and hypocriſy—the heir, I hope, of all his mother's virtue, gentleneſs, and truth—the heir, I am ſure, to all Pizarro's hate.

*Piz.* Really! Now do I feel for this poor orphan; for fatherleſs to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſee that child. Alonzo, thy hours are numbered.

*Elv.* Pizarro—no!

*Piz.* Hence—or dread my anger.

*Elv.* I will not hence; nor do I dread thy anger.

*Al.* Generous lovelineſs! ſpare thy unavailing pity. Seek not to thwart the tiger with his prey beneath his fangs.

*Piz.* Audacious rebel! Thou renegado from thy monarch and thy God!

*Al.* 'Tis falſe.

*Piz.* Art thou not, tell me, a deſerter from thy country's legions—and, with vile heathens leagued, haſt thou not warred againſt thy native land?

*Al.* No! Deſerter I am none! I was not born among robbers! pirates! murderers!—When thoſe legions, lured by the abhorred luſt of gold, and by thy foul ambition urged, forgot the honour of Caſtilians, and forſook the duties of humanity, THEY deſerted ME. I have not warred againſt my native land, but againſt thoſe who have uſurped its power. The banners of my

country, when firſt I followed arms beneath them, were Juſtice, Faith, and Mercy. If theſe are beaten down and trampled under foot—I have no country, nor exiſts the power entitled to reproach me with revolt.

*Piz.* The power to judge and puniſh thee at leaſt exiſts.

*Al.* Where are my Judges?

*Piz.* Thou wouldſt appeal to the war council?

*Al.* If the good Las-Caſas have yet a ſeat there, yes; if not, I appeal to Heaven!

*Piz.* And to impoſe upon the folly of Las-Caſas, what would be the excuſes of thy treaſon?

*Elv.* The folly of Las-Caſas!---Such, doubtleſs, his mild precepts ſeem to thy hard-hearted wiſdom!---O! would I might have lived as I will die, a ſharer in the follies of Las-Caſas!

*Al.* To him I ſhould not need to urge the foul barbarities which drove me from your ſide; but I would gently lead him by the hand through all the lovely fields of Quito; there, in many a ſpot where late was barrenneſs and waſte, I would ſhow him how now the opening bloſſom, blade, or perfumed bud, ſweet baſhful pledges of delicious harveſt, wafting their incenſe to the ripening ſun, give chearful promiſe to the hope of induſtry. This, I would ſay, *is my work!* Next I ſhould tell how hurtful cuſtoms, and ſuperſtitions ſtrange and ſullen, would often ſcatter and diſmay the credulous minds of theſe deluded innocents; and then would I point out to him where now, in cluſtered villages, they live like brethren, ſocial and confiding, while through the burning day Content ſits baſking on the cheek of Toil, till laughing Paſtime leads them to the hour of reſt---this too is mine!---And prouder yet—

yet---at that ſtill pauſe between exertion and repoſe, belonging not to paſtime, labour, or to reſt, but unto Him who ſanctions and ordains them all, I would ſhow him many an eye, and many a hand, by gentleneſs from error won, raiſed in pure devotion to the true and only God! --- this too I could tell him *is Alonzo's work!*---Then would Las-Caſas claſp me in his aged arms; from his uplifted eyes a tear of gracious thankfulneſs would fall upon my head, and that one bleſſed drop would be to me at once *this* world's beſt proof, that I had acted rightly *here*, and ſureſt hope of my Creator's mercy and reward *hereafter*.

*Elv.* Happy, virtuous Alonzo! And thou, Pizarro, wouldſt appal with fear of death a man who thinks and acts as he does!

*Piz.* Daring, obſtinate enthuſiaſt! But know the pious bleſſing of thy preceptor's tears does not await thee here: he has fled like thee—like thee, no doubt, to join the foes of Spain. The perilous trial of the next reward you hope, is nearer than perhaps you've thought; for, by my country's wrongs, and by mine own, to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſee thy death.

*Elv.* Hold!—Pizarro—hear me!—If not always *juſtly*, at leaſt act always *greatly*. Name not thy country's wrongs---'tis plain they have no ſhare in thy reſentment. Thy fury 'gainſt this youth is private hate, and deadly perſonal revenge; if this be ſo—and even now thy detected conſcience in that look avows it—profane not the name of juſtice or thy country's cauſe, but let him arm, and bid him to the field on equal terms.

*Piz.* Officious advocate for treaſon—peace!—Bear him hence—he knows his ſentence.

*Al.* Thy revenge is eager, and I'm thankful for it---to me thy haſte is mercy. For thee, ſweet pleader in misfortune's cauſe, accept my parting thanks. This camp is not thy proper ſphere. Wert thou among yon *ſavages*, as they are called, thou'dſt find companions more congenial to thy heart.

*Piz.* Yes; ſhe ſhall bear the tidings of thy death to Cora.

*Al.* Inhuman man! that pang at leaſt might have been ſpared me; but thy malice ſhall not ſhake my conſtancy. I go to death---many ſhall bleſs, and none will curſe my memory. Thou ſtill wilt live, and ſtill wilt be—Pizarro.

[*Exit, guarded.*

*Elv.* Now by the indignant ſcorn that burns upon my cheek, my ſoul is ſhamed and ſickened at the meanneſs of thy vengeance.

*Piz.* What has thy romantic folly aimed at? He is mine enemy, and in my power.

*Elv.* He is in your power, and therefore is no more an enemy. Pizarro, I demand not of thee virtue---I aſk not from thee nobleneſs of mind---I require only juſt dealing to the fame thou haſt acquired; be not the aſſaſſin of thine own renown. How often have you ſworn that the ſacrifice which thy wondrous valour's high report had won you from ſubdued Elvira, was the proudeſt triumph of your fame? Thou knoweſt I bear a mind not caſt in the common mould---not formed for tame ſequeſtered love---content 'mid houſehold cares to prattle to an idle offſpring, and wait the dull delight of an obſcure lover's kindneſs---no! my heart was

framed to look up with awe and homage to the object it adored; my ears to own no muſic but the thrilling records of his praiſe; my lips to ſcorn all babbling but the tales of his achievements; my brain to turn giddy with delight, reading the applauding tributes of his monarch's and his country's gratitude; my every faculty to throb with tranſport, while I heard the ſhouts of acclamation which announced the coming of my hero; my whole ſoul to love him with devotion! with enthuſiaſm! to ſee no other object---to own no other tie---but to make HIM my WORLD! Thus to love is at leaſt no common weakneſs. ---Pizarro!---was not ſuch my love for thee?

*Piz.* It *was*, Elvira!

*Elv.* Then do not make me hateful to myſelf, by tearing off the maſk at once—baring the hideous impoſture that has undone me!—Do not an act which, howe'er thy preſent power may gloſs it to the world, will make thee hateful to all future ages—accurſed and ſcorned by poſterity.

*Piz.* And ſhould poſterity applaud my deeds, think'ſt thou my mouldering bones would rattle then with tranſport in my tomb?—This is renown for viſionary Boys to dream of—I underſtand it not. The fame I value ſhall uplift my living eſtimation—o'erbear with popular ſupport the envy of my foes—advance my purpoſes, and aid my power.

*Elv.* Each word thou ſpeakeſt—each moment that I hear thee—diſpels the fatal miſt through which I've judged thee. Thou man of mighty name, but little ſoul, I ſee thou wert not born to feel what genuine fame and glory are—yes, prefer the flattery of thy own fleeting day to the bright

bright circle of a deathleſs name—yes, prefer to ſtare upon the grain of ſand on which you trample, to muſing on the ſtarred canopy above thee. Fame, the ſovereign deity of proud ambition, is not to be worſhipped ſo: who ſeeks alone for living homage, ſtands a mean canvaſſer in her temple's porch, wooing promiſcuouſly from the fickle breath of every wretch that paſſes, the brittle tribute of his praiſe. He dares not approach the ſacred altar—no noble ſacrifice of his is placed there, nor ever ſhall his worſhip'd image, fix'd above, claim for his memory a glorious immortality.

*Piz.* Elvira, leave me.

*Elv.* Pizarro, you no longer love me.

*Piz.* It is not ſo, Elvira. But what might I not ſuſpect—this wondrous intereſt for a ſtranger!—Take back thy reproach.

*Elv.* No, Pizarro; as yet I am not loſt to you—one ſtring ſtill remains, and binds me to your fate. Do not, I conjure you—do not for thine own ſake, tear it aſunder — ſhed not Alonzo's blood!

*Piz.* My reſolution 's fixed.

*Elv.* Even though that moment loſt you Elvira for ever?

*Piz.* Even ſo.

*Elv.* Pizarro, if not to honour, if not to humanity, yet liſten to affection; bear ſome memory of the ſacrifices I have made for thy ſake. Have I not for thee quitted my parents, my friends, my fame, my native land? When eſcaping, did I not riſk in ruſhing to thy arms to bury myſelf in the boſom of the deep? Have I not ſhared all thy perils, heavy ſtorms at ſea, and frightful 'ſcapes on ſhore? Even on this dreadful

dreadful day, amid the rout of battle, who remained firm and conſtant at Pizarro's ſide? Who preſented her boſom as his ſhield to the aſſailing foe?

*Piz.* 'Tis truly ſpoken all. In love thou art thy ſex's miracle—in war the ſoldier's pattern—and therefore my whole heart and half my acquiſitions are thy right.

*Elv.* Convince me I poſſeſs the firſt—I exchange all title to the latter, for—mercy to Alonzo.

*Piz.* No more!—Had I intended to prolong his doom, each word thou uttereſt now would haſten on his fate.

*Elv.* Alonzo then at morn will die?

*Piz.* Think'ſt thou yon ſun will ſet?—As ſurely at his riſing ſhall Alonzo die.

*Elv.* Then be it done—the ſtring is crack'd—ſundered for ever.—But mark me—thou haſt heretofore had cauſe, 'tis true, to doubt my reſolution, howe'er offended—but mark me now—the lips which, cold and jeering, barbing revenge with rancorous mockery, can inſult a fallen enemy, ſhall never more receive the pledge of love: the arm which, unſhaken by its bloody purpoſe, ſhall aſſign to needleſs torture the victim who avows his heart, never more ſhall preſs the hand of faith!—Pizarro, ſcorn not my words—beware you ſlight them not!—I feel how noble are the motives which now animate my thoughts—who *could* not feel as I do, I condemn—who, feeling ſo, yet *would* not act as I SHALL, I deſpiſe!

*Piz.* *(After a pauſe, looking at her with an affected ſmile of contempt.)* I have heard thee, Elvira, and know well the *noble* motives which inſpire

inſpire thee—fit advocate in virtue's cauſe!—Believe me, I pity thy tender feelings for the youth Alonzo!—He dies at ſun-riſe! [*Exit.*

*Elv.* 'Tis well! 'tis juſt I ſhould be humbled—I had forgot myſelf, and in the cauſe of innocence aſſumed the tone of virtue. 'Twas fit I ſhould be rebuked—and by Pizarro. Fall, fall, ye few reluctant drops of weakneſs—the laſt theſe eyes ſhall ever ſhed. How a woman can love Pizarro, thou haſt known too well—how ſhe can hate, thou haſt yet to learn. Yes, thou undaunted! Thou, whom yet no mortal hazard has appalled! Thou, who on Panama's brow didſt make alliance with the raving elements, that tore the ſilence of that horrid night—when thou didſt follow, as thy pioneer, the craſhing thunder's drift, and ſtalking o'er the trembling earth, didſt plant thy banner by the red volcano's mouth! Thou, who when battling on the ſea, and thy brave ſhip was blown to ſplinters, waſt ſeen—as thou didſt beſtride a fragment of the ſmoking wreck—to wave thy glittering ſword above thy head—as thou wouldſt defy the world in that extremity!—Come, fearleſs man—now meet the laſt and felleſt peril of thy life—meet! and ſurvive—an injured woman's fury, if thou canſt. [*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*A Dungeon in the Rock, near the Spaniſh Camp.—* ALONZO *in Chains.—A Centinel walking near the Entrance.*

*Alonzo.* FOR the laſt time, I have beheld the ſhadow'd ocean cloſe upon the light.—For the laſt time, thro' my cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering luſtre of the ſtars.—For the laſt time, O ſun! (and ſoon the hour) I ſhall behold thy riſing, and thy level beams melting the pale miſts of morn to glittering dew-drops.—Then comes my death, and in the morning of my day, I fall, which---No, Alonzo, date not the life which thou haſt run, by the mean reck'ning of the hours and days, which thou haſt breath'd: A life ſpent worthily ſhould be meaſured by a nobler line—by deeds—not years—Then would'ſt thou murmur not—but bleſs the Providence, which in ſo ſhort a ſpan, made THEE the inſtrument of wide and ſpreading bleſſings, to the helpleſs and oppreſs'd!—Tho' ſinking in decrepid age—HE prematurely falls, whoſe memory records no benefit conferred by him on man: They only have lived long, who have lived virtuouſly.

*Enter a Soldier—ſhews the Centinel a Paſſport, who withdraws.*

*Alonzo.* What bear you there?

*Sol.* Theſe refreſhments I was order'd to leave in your dungeon.

*Al.* By whom order'd?

*Sol.* By the lady Elvira; ſhe will be here herſelf before the dawn.

*Al.* Bear back to her my humbleſt thanks; and take thou the refreſhments, friend—I need them not.

*Sol.* I have ſerved under you, Don Alonzo.—Pardon my ſaying, that my heart pities you.

[*Exit.*

*Al.* In Pizarro's camp, to pity the unfortunate, no doubt requires forgiveneſs.—*(Looking out)* Surely, even now, thin ſtreaks of glimmering light ſteal on the darkneſs of the Eaſt.—If ſo, my life is but one hour more.—I will not watch the coming dawn; but in the darkneſs of my cell, my laſt prayer to thee, Power Supreme! ſhall be for my wife and child!—Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace; grant health and purity of mind—all elſe his worthleſs. *(Enters the Cavern.)*

*Cent.* Who's there? anſwer quickly! who's there?

*Rol.* A Friar, come to viſit your priſoner.

ROLLA *enters, diſguiſed as a Monk.*

*Rol.* Inform me, friend—Is not Alonzo, the Spaniſh priſoner, confined in this dungeon?

*Cen.* He is.

*Rol.* I muſt ſpeak with him.

*Cen.*

*Cen.* You muſt not.

*Rol.* He is my friend.

*Cent.* Not if he were your brother.

*Rol.* What is to be his fate?

*Cen.* He dies at ſun-riſe.

*Rol.* Ha!—then I am come in time.

*Cen.* Juſt——to witneſs his death.

*Rol.* Soldier—I muſt ſpeak with him.

*Cent.* Back,—back.—It is impoſſible!—

*Rol.* I do entreat you, but for one moment!

*Cen.* You entreat in vain—my orders are moſt ſtrict.

*Rol.* Even now, I ſaw a meſſenger go hence.

*Cen.* He brought a paſs, which we are all accuſtomed to obey.

*Rol.* Look on this wedge of maſſive gold—look on theſe precious gems.—In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wiſh. Take them—they are thine.—Let me but paſs one minute with Alonzo.

*Cen.* Away!—woud'ſt thou corrupt me?—Me!—an old Caſtilian!—I know my duty better.

*Rol.* Soldier!—haſt thou a wife?

*Cen.* I have.

*Rol.* Haſt thou children?

*Cen.* Four—honeſt, lively boys.

*Rol.* Where did'ſt thou leave them?

*Cen.* In my native village—even in the cot where myſelf was born.

*Rol.* Do'ſt thou love thy children and thy wife?

*Cen.* Do I love them! God knows my heart—I do.

*Rol.* Soldier! imagine thou wer't doom'd to die a cruel death in this ſtrange land—What would be thy laſt requeſt?

*Cen.* That ſome of my comrades ſhould carry my dying bleſſing to my wife and children.

*Rol.* Oh! but if that comrade was at thy priſon gate—and ſhould there be told——thy fellow ſoldier dies at ſun-riſe,—yet thou ſhalt not for a moment ſee him—nor ſhalt thou bear his dying bleſſing to his poor children or his wretched wife,—what would'ſt thou think of him, who thus cou'd drive thy comrade from the door?

*Cen.* How!

*Rol.* Alonzo has a wife and child—I am come but to receive for *her*, and for her *babe*, the laſt bleſſing of my friend.

*Cen.* Go in.—*(Retires.)*

*Rol.* Oh! holy Nature! thou do'ſt never plead in vain.—There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form, and life, human or ſavage—native of the foreſt wild, or giddy air—around whoſe parent boſom, THOU haſt not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offſpring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pennons borne—the blood-ſtain'd vulture, cleaves the ſtorm—yet, in the plumage cloſeſt to her heart, ſoft as the Cygnet's down, and o'er her unſhell'd brood, the murmuring ring-dove ſits not more gently!—Yes—now he is beyond the porch, barring the outer gate! Alonzo!—Alonzo!—my friend! Ha!—in gentle ſleep!—Alonzo—riſe!

*Al.* How!—Is my hour elaps'd?—Well, *(returning from the receſs,)* I am ready.

*Rol.* Alonzo,—know me.

*Al.* What voice is that?

*Rol.* 'Tis Rolla's.

*Al.* Rolla!—my friend!—*(Embraces him.)* Heavens! how could'ſt thou paſs the guard? Did this habit——

*Rol.*

*Rol.* There is not a moment to be loſt in words; —this diſguiſe I tore from the dead body of a Friar, as I paſs'd our field of battle—it has gain'd me entrance to thy dungeon—now take it thou, and fly.

*Al.* And Rolla——

*Rol.* Will remain here in thy place.

*Al.* And die for me!—No!—Rather eternal tortures rack me.

*Rol.* I ſhall not die, Alonzo.—It is *thy* life Pizarro ſeeks, not Rolla's—and from my priſon ſoon will thy arm deliver me;—or, ſhould it be otherwiſe—I am as a blighted Plantain ſtanding alone amid the ſandy deſart—Nothing ſeeks or lives beneath my ſhelter—Thou art a huſband, and a father—The being of a lovely wife and helpleſs infant hang upon thy life—Go!—Go!—Alonzo!—Go—to ſave—not thyſelf—but Cora, and thy child!—

*Al.* Urge me not thus, my friend—I had prepar'd to die in peace.

*Rol.* To die in peace!—devoting her you've ſworn to live for,—to madneſs, miſery, and death! —For, be aſſured—the ſtate I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

*Al.* Oh! God!

*Rol.* If thou art yet irreſolute, Alonzo—now heed me well.—I think thou haſt not known that Rolla ever pledg'd his word, and ſhrunk from its fulfilment.—And, by the heart of truth I ſwear, if thou art proudly obſtinate to deny thy friend the tranſport of preſerving Cora's life, in thee,—no power that ſways the will of man ſhall ſtir me hence;—and thou'lt but have the deſperate triumph, of ſeeing Rolla periſh by thy ſide,—with

the

the aſſur'd conviction, that Cora, and thy child, are loſt for ever.

*Al.* Oh! Rolla!—you diſtract me!

*Rol.* A moment's further pauſe, and all is loſt—The dawn approaches—Fear not for me—I will treat with Pizarro as for ſurrender and ſubmiſſion;—I ſhall gain time, doubt not—while thou, with a choſen band, paſſing the ſecret way, may'ſt at night return—releaſe thy friend, and bear him back in triumph.—Yes—haſten—dear Alonzo!—Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee!—Haſte!—Haſte!—Haſte!

*Al.* Rolla, I fear your friendſhip drives me from honour, and from right.

*Rol.* Did Rolla ever counſel diſhonour to his friend?

*Al.* Oh! my preſerver!—*(Embracing him.)*

*Rol.* I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek—Go!—I am rewarded—*(Throws the Friar's garment over Alonzo.)*—There!—conceal thy face; and that they may not clank, hold faſt thy chains—Now—God be with thee!

*Al.* At night we meet again.—Then,—ſo aid me Heaven! I return to ſave—or—periſh with thee! [*Exit.*

*Rol. (alone.)* He has paſs'd the outer porch—He is ſafe!—He will ſoon embrace his wife and child!—Now, Cora, did'ſt thou not wrong me? This is the firſt time throughout my life I ever deceived man—Forgive me, God of truth! if I am wrong—Alonzo flatters himſelf that we ſhall meet again—Yes—There! *(lifting his hands to heaven)* aſſuredly, we ſhall meet again:—there poſſeſs in peace, the joys of everlaſting love, and friendſhip—on earth, imperfect, and embitter'd.—I will retire, leſt the guard return before Alonzo may have paſs'd their lines. [*Retires into the Receſs.*

*Enter* ELVIRA.

*Elv.* No—not Pizarro's brutal taunts—not the glowing admiration which I feel for this noble youth, ſhall raiſe an intereſt in my harraſs'd boſom which honour would not ſanction. If he reject the vengeance my heart has ſworn againſt the tyrant, whoſe death alone can ſave this land—yet, ſhall the delight be mine to reſtore him to his Cora's arms, to his dear child, and to the unoffending people, whom his virtues guide, and valour guards.—Alonzo, come forth!

*Enter* ROLLA.

Ha!—who art thou?—Where is Alonzo?

*Rol.* Alonzo's fled.

*Elv.* Fled!

*Rol.* Yes—and he muſt not be purſued—Pardon this roughneſs, *(ſeizing her hand)*—but a moment's precious to Alonzo's flight.

*Elv.* What if I call the guard?

*Rol.* Do ſo—Alonzo ſtill gains time.

*Elv.* What if thus I free myſelf? *(Shews a dagger.)*

*Rol.* Strike it to my heart—Still, with the convulſive graſp of death, I'll hold thee faſt.

*Elv.* Releaſe me—I give my faith, I neither will alarm the guard, nor cauſe purſuit.

*Rol.* At once, I truſt thy word—A feeling boldneſs in thoſe eyes aſſures me that thy ſoul is noble.

*Elv.* What is thy name? Speak freely—By my order the guard is remov'd beyond the outer porch.

*Rol.* My name is Rolla.

*Elv.*

*Elv.* The Peruvian Leader?

*Rol.* I was ſo yeſterday—To-day, the Spaniard's captive.

*Elv.* And friendſhip for Alonzo, moved thee to this act?

*Rol.* Alonzo is my friend—I am prepared to die for him. Yet is the cauſe a motive ſtronger far than friendſhip.

*Elv.* One only paſſion elſe could urge ſuch generous raſhneſs.

*Rol.* And that is ———

*Elv.* Love?

*Rol.* True!

*Elv.* Gallant!—ingenuous Rolla!—Know that my purpoſe here was thine; and were I to ſave thy friend ———

*Rol.* How!—a woman bleſs'd with gentleneſs and courage, and yet not Cora!

*Elv.* Does Rolla think ſo meanly of all female hearts?

*Rol.* Not ſo—you are worſe and better than we are!

*Elv.* Were I to ſave thee, Rolla, from the tyrant's vengeance—reſtore thee to thy native land—and thy native land to peace—would'ſt thou not rank Elvira with the good?

*Rol.* To judge the action, I muſt know the means.

*Elv.* Take this dagger.

*Rol.* How to be uſed?

*Elv.* I will conduct thee to the tent where fell Pizarro ſleeps—The ſcourge of innocence—the terror of thy race—the fiend, that deſolates thy afflicted country.

*Rol.* Have you not been injur'd by Pizarro?

*Elv.*

*Elv.* Deeply as ſcorn and inſult can infuſe their deadly venom.

*Rol.* And you aſk that I ſhall murder him in his ſleep!

*Elv.* Would he not have murder'd Alonzo in his chains? He that ſleeps, and he that's bound, are equally defenceleſs. Hear me, Rolla—ſo may I proſper in this perilous act as ſearching my full heart, I have put by all rancorous motive of private vengeance there, and feel that I advance to my dread purpoſe in the cauſe of human nature, and at the call of ſacred juſtice.

*Rol.* The God of Juſtice ſanctifies no evil as a ſtep towards good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means.

*Elv.* Then, Peruvian! ſince thou do'ſt feel ſo coldly for thy country's wrongs, this hand, tho' it revolt my ſoul, ſhall ſtrike the blow.

*Rol.* Then is thy deſtruction certain, and for Peru thou periſheſt!—Give me the dagger!

*Elv.* Now follow me;—but firſt—and dreadful is the hard neceſſity—you muſt ſtrike down the guard.

*Rol.* The ſoldier who was on duty here?

*Elv.* Yes, him—elſe, ſeeing thee, the alarm will be inſtant.

*Rol.* And I muſt ſtab that ſoldier as I paſs?—Take back thy dagger.

*Elv.* Rolla!

*Rol.* That ſoldier, mark me, is a man.—All are not men that bear the human form. He refus'd my prayers—refus'd my gold—denying to admit me—till his own feelings brib'd him.—For my nation's ſafety, I would not harm that man!

*Elv.* Then he muſt with us—I will anſwer for his ſafety.

*Rol.* Be that plainly underſtood between us:—for, whate'er betide our enterprize, I will not riſk a hair of that man's head, to ſave my heartſtrings from conſuming fire.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The inſide of Pizarro's Tent.—Pizarro on a Couch, in diſturbed ſleep.*

*Piz. (in his ſleep.)* No mercy, traitor.—Now at his heart!—Stand off there, you—Let me ſee him bleed!—Ha! ha! ha!—Let me hear that groan again.

*Enter* ROLLA *and* ELVIRA.

*Elv.* There!—Now, loſe not a moment.

*Rol.* You muſt leave me now.—This ſcene of blood fits not a woman's preſence.

*Elv.* But a moment's pauſe may—

*Rol.* Go!—Retire to your own tent—and return not here—I will come to you—Be thou not known in this buſineſs, I implore you!

*Elv.* I will withdraw the guard that waits.

[*Exit Elvira.*

*Rol.* Now have I in my power the accurs'd deſtroyer of my country's peace: yet tranquilly he reſts.—God!—can this man ſleep?

*Piz. (in his ſleep.)* Away! away!—Hideous fiends!—Tear not my boſom thus!

*Rol.* No:—I was in error—the balm of ſweet repoſe he never more can know.—Look here, ambition's fools!—Ye, by whoſe inhuman pride, the bleeding ſacrifice of nations is held as nothing—behold the reſt of the guilty!—He is at my mercy—and one blow!—No!—my heart and hand refuſe the act: Rolla cannot be an aſſaſſin!—Yet

Elvira

Elvira muſt be ſaved! *(Approaches the Couch.)* Pizzaro! awake!—

*Piz.* *(Starts up.)* Who?—Guard!—

*Rol.* Speak not—another word is thy death—Call not for aid!—this arm will be ſwifter than thy guard.

*Piz.* Who art thou? and what is thy will?

*Rol.* I am thine enemy! Peruvian Rolla!—Thy death is not my will, or I could have ſlain thee ſleeping.

*Piz.* Speak, what elſe?

*Rol.* Now thou art at my mercy—anſwer me! Did a Peruvian ever yet wrong or injure thee, or any of thy nation? Didſt thou, or any of thy nation, ever yet ſhew mercy to a Peruvian in your power? Now ſhalt thou feel—and if thou haſt a heart, thou'lt feel it keenly!—a Peruvian's vengeance! *(Drops the dagger at his feet)* There!

*Piz.* Is it poſſible! *(Walks aſide confounded.)*

*Rol.* Can Pizarro be ſurpriſed at this? I thought Forgiveneſs of Injuries had been the Chriſtian's precept—Thou ſeeſt, at leaſt, it is the Peruvian's practice.

*Piz.* Rolla—thou haſt indeed ſurpris'd—ſubdued me. *(Walks again aſide as in irreſolute thought.)*

*Re-enter* ELVIRA, *(not ſeeing Pizarro.)*

*Elv.* Is it done? Is he dead? *(Sees Pizarro)* How!—ſtill living! Then I am loſt! And for you, wretched Peruvians! mercy is no more!—Oh! Rolla! treacherous, or cowardly?—

*Piz.* How can it be, that—

*Rol.* Away Elvira ſpeaks ſhe knows not what! Leave me *(to Elvira)* I conjure you, with Pizarro.

*Elv.* How!—Rolla, do'ſt thou think I ſhall re-

tract—or that I meanly will deny, that in thy hand *I* plac'd a poignard to be plung'd into that tyrant's heart? No:—my ſole regret is, that I truſted to thy weakneſs, and did not ſtrike the blow myſelf.---Too ſoon thou'lt learn that mercy to that man is direſt cruelty to all thy race!

*Piz.* Guard! quick! a guard, to ſeize this frantic woman.

*Elv.* Yes, a guard! I call them too! And ſoon I know they'll lead me to my death. But think not, Pizarro, the fury of thy flaſhing eyes ſhall awe me for a moment!—Nor think that woman's anger, or the feelings of an injur'd heart, prompted me to this deſign—No! Had I been only influenced ſo—thus failing, ſhame and remorſe would weigh me down. But tho' defeated and deſtroyed, as now I am, ſuch is the greatneſs of the cauſe that urged me; I ſhall periſh, glorying in the attempt, and my laſt breath of life ſhall ſpeak the proud avowal of my purpoſe---to have reſcued millions of innocents from the blood-thirſty tyranny of ONE---by ridding the inſulted world of THEE.

*Rol.* Had the act been noble as the motive---Rolla would not have ſhrunk from its performance.

*Enter Guards.*

*Piz.* Seize this diſcover'd fiend, who ſought to kill your Leader.

*Elv.* Touch me not, at the peril of your ſouls; ---I am your priſoner, and will follow you.---But thou, their triumphant Leader, ſhalt hear me. Yet, firſt---for thee, Rolla, accept my forgiveneſs: even had I been the victim of thy nobleneſs of heart, I ſhould have admir'd thee for it---But 'twas myſelf pro-

provok'd my doom---Thou would'ſt have ſhielded me.---Let not thy contempt follow me to the grave. Didſt thou but know the ſpell-like arts, by which this hypocrite firſt undermin'd the virtue of a guileleſs heart! how, even in the pious ſanctuary wherein I dwelt, by corruption and by fraud, he practis'd upon thoſe in whom I moſt confided---'till my diſtemper'd fancy led me, ſtep by ſtep, into the abyſs of guilt——

*Piz.* Why am I not obey'd?---Tear her hence!

*Elv.* 'Tis paſt—but didſt thou know my ſtory, Rolla, thou would'ſt pity me.

*Rol.* From my ſoul I do pity thee!

*Piz.* Villains! drag her to the dungeon!---prepare the torture inſtantly.

*Elv.* Soldiers—but a moment more—'Tis to applaud your General—It is to tell the aſtoniſhed world, that, for once, Pizarro's ſentence is an act of juſtice: Yes, rack me with the ſharpeſt tortures that ever agoniz'd the human frame; it will be juſtice. Yes—bid the minions of thy fury—wrench forth the ſinews of thoſe arms that have careſs'd, and——even have defended thee! Bid them pour burning metal into the bleeding caſes of theſe eyes, that ſo oft—oh, God!—have hung with love and homage on thy looks—then approach me bound on the abhorred wheel—there glut thy ſavage eyes with the convulſive ſpaſms of that diſhonour'd boſom, which was once thy pillow!—Yet, will I bear it all; for it will be juſtice, all! And when thou ſhalt bid them tear me to my death, hoping that thy unſhrinking ears may at laſt be feaſted with the muſic of my cries, I will not utter one ſhriek or groan—but to the laſt gaſp, my body's patience

ſhall

ſhall deride thy vengeance, as my ſoul defies thy power.

*Piz.* *(Endeavouring to conceal his agitation.)* Hear'ſt thou the wretch whoſe hands were even now prepared for murder?

*Rol.* Yes! And if her accuſation's falſe, thou wilt not ſhrink from hearing her: if true, thy barbarity cannot make *her* ſuffer the pangs thy conſcience will inflict on *thee.*

*Elv.* And now, farewell, world!---Rolla, farewell!---Farewell, thou condemn'd of Heaven! *(to Pizarro;)*—for repentance and remorſe, I know, will never touch thy heart.---We ſhall meet again.---Ha! be it thy horror here, to know that we ſhall meet hereafter! And when thy parting hour approaches---hark to the knell, whoſe dreadful beat will ſtrike to thy deſpairing ſoul. Then, will vibrate on thy ear the curſes of the cloiſter'd ſaint from whom you ſtole me. Then, the laſt ſhrieks which burſt from my mother's breaking heart, as ſhe died, appealing to her God againſt the ſeducer of her child! Then the blood-ſtifled groan of my murder'd brother---murdered by thee, fell monſter!—ſeeking atonement for his ſiſter's ruin'd honour.---I hear them now! To me, the recollection's madneſs!---At ſuch an hour,---what will it be to thee?

*Piz.* A moment's more delay, and at the peril of your lives——

*Elv.* I have ſpoken---and the laſt mortal frailty of my heart is paſt.---And now, with an undaunted ſpirit, and unſhaken firmneſs, I go to meet my deſtiny. That I could not *live* nobly, has been PIZARRO'S ACT. That I will *die* nobly, ſhall be my OWN. [*Exit, guarded.*

*Piz.* Rolla, I would not thou, a warrior, valiant

valiant and renown'd, ſhould'ſt credit the vile tales of this frantic woman. The cauſe of all this fury---O! a wanton paſſion for the rebel youth Alonzo, now my priſoner.

*Rol.* Alonzo is not now thy priſoner.

*Piz.* How!

*Rol.* I came to reſcue him—to deceive his guard—I have ſucceeded;—*I* remain thy priſoner.

*Piz.* Alonzo fled!—Is then the vengeance deareſt to my heart never to be gratified?

*Rol.* Diſmiſs ſuch paſſions from thy heart; then thou'lt conſult it's peace.

*Piz.* I can face all enemies that dare confront me---I cannot war againſt my nature.

*Rol.* Then, Pizarro, aſk not to be deem'd a hero—To triumph o'er ourſelves, is the only conqueſt, where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may ſnatch the laurel from thee, or chance may place it on thy brow—but in a conteſt with yourſelf, be reſolute, and the virtuous impulſe muſt be the victor.

*Piz.* Peruvian! thou ſhalt not find me to *thee* ungrateful, or ungenerous—Return to your countrymen—You are at liberty.

*Rol.* Thou do'ſt act in this, as honour, and as duty, bid thee.

*Piz.* I cannot but admire thee, Rolla; I wou'd we might be friends.

*Rol.* Farewell.—Pity Elvira!—Become the friend of virtue—and thou wilt be mine. [*Exit.*

*Piz.* Ambition! tell me what is the phantom I have follow'd? where is the one delight which it has made my own? My fame is the mark of envy—my love the dupe of treachery—my glory eclips'd

eclips'd by the boy I taught—my revenge defeated and rebuked by the rude honour of a ſavage foe—before whoſe native dignity of ſoul I have ſunk confounded and ſubdued! I would I cou'd retrace my ſteps—I cannot—Would I could evade my own reflections!---No!---thought and memory are my Hell.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

# ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*A thick Foreſt—In the back ground, a Hut almoſt covered by Boughs of Trees—A dreadful Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*—CORA *has covered her Child on a Bed of Leaves and Moſs—Her whole appearance is wild and diſtracted.*

*Cora.* O NATURE! thou haſt not the ſtrength of love. My anxious ſpirit is untired in its march; my wearied, ſhivering frame, ſinks under it. And, for thee, my boy—when faint beneath thy lovely burthen, could I refuſe to give thy ſlumbers that poor bed of reſt! O my child! were I aſſured thy father breathes no more, how quickly would I lay me down by thy dear ſide—but down—down for ever. *(Thunder and lightning.)* I aſk thee not, unpitying ſtorm! to abate thy rage, in mercy to poor Cora's miſery; nor while thy thunders ſpare his ſlumbers will I diſturb my ſleeping cherub. Though Heaven knows I wiſh to hear the voice of life, and feel that life is near me. But I will endure all while what I have of reaſon holds.

### SONG.

Yes, yes, be mercileſs, thou Tempeſt dire;
Unaw'd, unſhelter'd, I thy fury brave:
I'll bare my boſom to thy forked fire,
Let it but guide me to ALONZO's grave!

O'er his pale corſe then while thy lightnings glare,
I'll preſs his clay-cold lips, and periſh there.

But thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt riſe to life and joy,
Thy father never!——
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconſcious that eternal night
Veils his for ever.

On yon green bed of moſs there lies my child,
Oh! ſafer lies from theſe chill'd arms apart;
He ſleeps, ſweet lamb! nor heeds the tempeſt wild,
Oh! ſweeter ſleeps, than near this breaking heart.

Alas! my babe, if thou would'ſt peaceful reſt,
Thy cradle muſt not be thy mother's breaſt.

Yet, thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt riſe to life and joy,
Thy father never!——
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconſcious that eternal night
Veils his for ever.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

*Cora.* Still, ſtill, implacable! unfeeling elements! yet ſtill doſt thou ſleep, my ſmiling innocent! O, death! when wilt thou grant to this babe's mother ſuch repoſe? Sure I may ſhield thee better from the ſtorm; my veil may ——

*While ſhe is wrapping her mantle and her veil over him,* Alonzo's *voice is heard at a great diſtance.*

*Al.* Cora!

*Cora.* Hah!!! *(riſes.)*

*Al. (again)* Cora!

*Cora.* O, my heart! Sweet Heaven deceive me not!—Is it not Alonzo's voice?

*Al. (nearer)* Cora!

*Cora.* It is—it is Alonzo!

*Al. (nearer ſtill)* Cora! my beloved! ——

*Cora.* Alonzo!—Here!—here!—Alonzo!

[*Runs out.*

*Enter two Spaniſh Soldiers.*

1*ſt Sol.* I tell you we are near our out-poſts, and the word we heard juſt now was the counterſign.

2*d Sol.*

*2d Sol.* Well, in our eſcape from the enemy, to have diſcover'd their ſecret paſſage thro' the rocks, will prove a lucky chance to us—Pizarro will reward us.

*1ſt Sol.* This way—The ſun, though clouded, is on our left. *(Perceives the child.)* What have we here?—A child!—as I'm a ſoldier.

*2d Sol.* 'Tis a ſweet little babe. Now would it be a great charity to take this infant from its pagan mother's power.

*1ſt Sol.* It would ſo--I have one at home ſhall play with it.---Come along. [*Takes the child.*

*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* CORA *with* ALONZO.

*Cora. (ſpeaking without)* This way, dear Alonzo. Now am I right—there—there—under that tree. Was it poſſible the inſtinct of a mother's heart could miſtake the ſpot! Now will you look at him as he ſleeps, or ſhall I bring him waking with his full blue laughing eyes to welcome you at once—Yes—yes.--Stand thou there---I'll ſnatch him from his roſy ſlumber, bluſhing like the perfum'd morn.

*She runs up to the ſpot, and, finding only the mantle and veil, which ſhe tears from the ground, and the child gone, (ſhrieks) and ſtands in ſpeechleſs agony.*

*Al. (running to her)* Cora!--my heart's beloved!

*Cora.* He is gone!

*Al.* Eternal God!

*Cora.* He is gone!—my child! my child!

*Al.* Where did you leave him?

*Cora. (Daſhing herſelf on the ſpot.)* Here!

*Al.* Be calm, beloved Cora—he has wak'd, and

crept to a little diſtance—we ſhall find him—Are you aſſured this was the ſpot you left him in?

*Cora.* Did not theſe hands make that bed, and ſhelter for him?—and is not this the veil that covered him?

*Al.* Here is a hut yet unobſerved.

*Cora.* Ha! yes, yes! there lives the ſavage that has rob'd me of my child—*(Beats at the door, exclaiming)* Give me back my child—reſtore to me my boy!

*Enter* LAS CASAS *from the Hut.*

*Las C.* Who calls me from my wretched ſolitude?

*Cora.* Give me back my child! *(Goes into the hut, and calls)* Fernando!

*Al.* Almighty powers! do my eyes deceive me! Las Caſas!!!

*Las C.* Alonzo,—my belov'd young friend!

*Al.* My rever'd inſtructor. *(Embracing.)*

*Cora. (Return'd.)* Will you embrace this man before he reſtores my boy?

*Al.* Alas, my friend—in what a moment of miſery do we meet!

*Cora.* Yet his look is goodneſs and humanity.—Good old man, have compaſſion on a wretched mother—and I will be your ſervant while I live.—But do not, for pity's ſake—do not ſay, you have him not—do not ſay, you have not ſeen him.

*(Runs into the Wood.)*

*Las C.* What can this mean?

*Al.* She is my wife.—Juſt reſcued from the Spaniards' priſon, I learn'd ſhe had fled to this wild foreſt—Hearing my voice, ſhe left the child, and flew to meet me—he was left ſleeping under yonder tree.

*Las.*

*Las. C.* How! did you leave him?—*(Cora returns.)*

*Cora.* O, you are right!—right!—unnatural mother, that I was—I left my child—I forſook my innocent——but I will fly to the earth's brink, but I will find him. *(Runs out.)*

*Al.* Forgive me, Las Caſas, I muſt follow her: for at night, I attempt brave Rolla's reſcue.

*Las. C.* I will not leave thee, Alonzo—you muſt try to lead her to the right—that way lies your camp—Wait not my infirm ſteps,—I follow thee, my friend. *[Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The Out-Poſt of the Spaniſh Camp.—The back ground wild and rocky, with a Torrent falling down the Precipice, over which a Bridge is formed by a fell'd Tree.* *[Trumpets ſound without.*

*Almagro. (Without.)* Bear him along—his ſtory muſt be falſe. *(Entering.)*

ROLLA *(in Chains) brought in by Soldiers.*

*Rol.* Falſe!—Rolla, utter falſehood!—I would I had thee in a deſert with thy troop around thee;---and I, but with my ſword in this unſhackled hand!---*(Trumpets without.)*

*Alm.* Is it to be credited that Rolla, the renown'd Peruvian hero---ſhou'd be detected like a ſpy, ſkulking thro' our camp?

*Rol.* Skulking!

*Alm.* But anſwer to the General---he is here.

*Enter*

*Enter* PIZARRO.

*Piz.* What do I ſee! Rolla!

*Rol.* O! to thy ſurpriſe, no doubt.

*Piz.* And bound too!

*Rol.* So faſt, thou need'ſt not fear approaching me.

*Alm.* The guards ſurpris'd him, paſſing our out-poſt.

*Piz.* Releaſe him inſtantly.---Believe me, I regret this inſult.

*Rol.* You feel then as you ought.

*Piz.* Nor can I brook to ſee a warrior of Rolla's fame diſarm'd---Accept this, tho' it has been thy enemy's. *(Gives a ſword.)* The Spaniards know the courteſy that's due to valour.

*Rol.* And the Peruvian, how to forget offence.

*Piz.* May not Rolla and Pizarro ceaſe to be foes?

*Rol.* When the ſea divides us; yes! --May I now depart?

*Piz.* Freely.

*Rol.* And ſhall I not again be intercepted?

*Piz.* No!---let the word be given that Rolla paſſes freely.

*Enter* DAVILLA *and Soldiers, with the Child.*

*Dav.* Here are two ſoldiers, captived yeſterday, who have eſcap'd from the Peruvian hold,---and by the ſecret way we have ſo long endeavoured to diſcover.

*Piz.* Silence,---imprudent!---Seeſt thou not---? *(pointing to Rolla.)*

*Dav.* In their way, they found a Peruvian child, who ſeems——

*Piz.*

*Piz.* What is the imp to me?---Bid them toſs it into the ſea.

*Rol.* Gracious heaven! it is Alonzo's child!---give it to me.

*Piz.* Ha! Alonzo's child!—Welcome, thou pretty hoſtage.—Now Alonzo is again my priſoner!

*Rol.* Thou wilt not keep the infant from it's mother?

*Piz.* Will I not!—What, when I ſhall meet Alonzo in the heat of the victorious fight—think'ſt thou I ſhall not have a check upon the valour of his heart, when he is reminded that a word of mine is this child's death?

*Rol.* I do not underſtand you.

*Piz.* My vengeance has a long arrear of hate to ſettle with Alonzo!—and this pledge may help to ſettle the accounr.

*Rol.* Man! Man!—Art thou a man?—Could'ſt thou hurt that innocent?---By Heaven! it's ſmiling in thy face.

*Piz.* Tell me, does it reſemble Cora?

*Rol.* Pizarro! thou haſt ſet my heart on fire---If thou do'ſt harm that child---think not his blood will ſink into the barren ſand---No!---faithful to the eager hope that now trembles in this indignant heart---'twill riſe to the common God of nature and humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on it's accurs'd deſtroyer's head.

*Piz.* Be that peril mine.

*Rol. (Throwing himſelf at his feet)* Behold me at thy feet---Me, Rolla!---Me, the preſerver of thy life!---Me, that have never yet bent or bow'd before created man!---In humble agony I ſue to you---proſtrate I implore you---but ſpare that child, and I will be your ſlave.

*Piz.*

*Piz.* Rolla! ſtill art thou free to go---this boy remains with me.

*Rol.* Then was this ſword Heaven's gift, not thine! *(Seizes the Child)*---Who moves one ſtep to follow me, dies upon the ſpot.

[*Exit, with the Child.*

*Piz.* Purſue him inſtantly---but ſpare his life. [*Exeunt Almagro and ſoldiers.*] With what fury he defends himſelf!---Ha!---he fells them to the ground---and now——

*Enter* ALMAGRO.

*Alm.* Three of your brave ſoldiers are already victims to your command to ſpare this madman's life; and if he once gains the thicket——

*Piz.* Spare him no longer. [*Exit* Almagro.] Their guns muſt reach him---he'll yet eſcape---holloa to thoſe horſe---the Peruvian ſees them ---and now he turns among the rocks---then is his retreat cut off.

(Rolla *croſſes the wooden bridge over the cataract, purſued by the ſoldiers---they fire at him---a ſhot ſtrikes him---Pizarro exclaims*——

*Piz.* Now! quick! quick! ſeize the child!---

*(Rolla tears from the rock the tree which ſupports the bridge, and retreats by the back ground, bearing off the child.)*

*Re-enter* ALMAGRO.

*Alm.* By Hell! he has eſcaped!---and with the child unhurt.

*Dav.* No---he bears his death with him---Believe me, I ſaw him ſtruck upon the ſide.

*Piz.* But the child is ſav'd---Alonzo's child! Oh! the furies of diſappointed vengeance!

*Alm.*

*Alm.* Away with the revenge of words---let us to deeds---Forget not we have acquired the knowledge of the ſecret paſs, which thro' the rocky cavern's gloom brings you at once to the ſtrong hold, where are lodg'd their women, and their treaſures.

*Piz.* Right, Almagro! Swift as thy thought draw forth a daring and a choſen band---I will not wait for numbers.---Stay, Almagro! Valverde is informed Elvira dies to-day?

*Val.* He is---and one requeſt alone ſhe----

*Piz.* I'll hear of none.

*Val.* The boon is ſmall---'tis but for the noviciate habit which you firſt beheld her in---ſhe wiſhes not to ſuffer in the gaudy trappings, which remind her of her ſhame.

*Piz.* Well, do as thou wilt---but tell Valverde, that at our return, as his life ſhall anſwer it, to let me hear that ſhe is dead. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

## SCENE III.

*Ataliba's Tent.*

*Enter* ATALIBA, *follow'd by* CORA *and* ALONZO.

*Cora.* Oh! Avoid me not, Ataliba! To whom, but to her King, is the wretched mother to addreſs her griefs?---The Gods refuſe to hear my prayers! Did not my Alonzo fight for *you*?---and will not my ſweet boy, if thou'lt but reſtore him to me, one day fight thy battles too?

*Alon.* Oh! my ſuffering love---my poor heart-broken Cora!---you but wound our Sovereign's feeling ſoul, and not relieve thy own.

*Cora.* Is he our Sovereign, and has he not the power to give me back my child?

*Ata.* When I reward defert, or can relieve my people, I feel what is the real glory of a King--- when I hear them ſuffer, and cannot aid them, I mourn the impotence of all mortal power.

*(Voices behind)* Rolla! Rolla! Rolla!

*Enter* ROLLA, *bleeding, with the child, follow'd by Peruvian ſoldiers.*

*Rol.* Thy child! *(Gives the child into Cora's arms, and falls.)*

*Cora.* Oh God!---there's blood upon him!

*Rol.* 'Tis my blood, Cora!

*Alon.* Rolla, thou dieſt!

*Rol.* For thee, and Cora.---*(Dies.)*

*Enter* ORANO.

*Orano.* Treachery has revealed our aſylum in the rocks. Even now the foe aſſails the peaceful band retired for protection there.

*Alon.* Loſe not a moment!---Swords be quick! —Your wives and children cry to you—Bear our lov'd hero's body in the van—'Twill raiſe the fury of our men to madneſs.---Now, fell Pizarro! the death of one of us is near!---Away! Be the word of aſſault, Revenge and Rolla!— [*Exeunt.*

(CHARGE.)

## SCENE IV.

*A romantic part of the Receſs among the Rocks---* (Alarms) *Women are ſeen flying, purſued by the Spaniſh Soldiers.---The Peruvian Soldiers drive the Spaniards back from the Field.---The Fight is continued on the Heights.*

*Enter* PIZARRO, ALMAGRO, VALVERDE, *and Spaniſh Soldiers.*

*Piz.* Well!—if ſurrounded, we muſt periſh in

the centre of them---Where do Rolla and Alonzo hide their heads?

*Enter* ALONZO, ORANO, *and Peruvians.*

*Alon.* Alonzo anſwers thee, and Alonzo's ſword ſhall ſpeak for Rolla.

*Piz.* Thou know'ſt the advantage of thy numbers.---Thou dar'ſt not ſingly face Pizarro.

*Alon.* Peruvians, ſtir not a man!—Be this conteſt only our's.

*Piz.* Spaniards!—obſerve ye the ſame.

*(Charge.)*

*They fight.* Alonzo's *ſhield is broken, and he is beat down.*

*Piz.* Now, traitor, to thy heart!

*At this moment* Elvira *enters, habited as when* Pizarro *firſt beheld her.*---Pizarro, *appalled, ſtaggers back.*---Alonzo *renews the Fight, and ſlays him.*

*(Loud ſhouts from the Peruvians.)*

ATALIBA *enters, and embraces* ALONZO.

*Ata.* My brave Alonzo!

*Alm.* Alonzo, we ſubmit.---Spare us! we will embark, and leave the coaſt.

*Val.* Elvira will confeſs I ſav'd her life; ſhe has ſav'd thine.

*Alon.* Fear not. You are ſafe. *(Spaniards lay down their arms.)*

*Elv.* Valverde ſpeaks the truth;—nor could he think to meet me here.—An awful impulſe which my ſoul could not reſiſt, impell'd me hither.

*Alon.* Noble Elvira! my preſerver! How can I ſpeak what I, Ataliba, and his reſcued country, owe to thee? If amid this grateful nation thou would'ſt remain——

*Elv.*

*Elv.* Alonzo, no!—the deſtination of my future life is fix'd. Humbled in penitence, I will endeavour to atone the guilty errors, which, however maſk'd by ſhallow cheerfulneſs, have long conſum'd my ſecret heart.—When, by my ſufferings purified, and penitence ſincere, my ſoul ſhall dare addreſs the Throne of Mercy in behalf of others, —for thee, Alonzo—for thy Cora, and thy child, —for thee, thou virtuous Monarch, and the innocent race you reign over, ſhall Elvira's prayers addreſs the God of Nature.—Valverde, you have preſerved my life. Cheriſh humanity—avoid the foul examples thou haſt view'd.---Spaniards returning to your native home, aſſure your rulers, they miſtake the road to glory, or to power.---Tell them, that the purſuits of avarice, conqueſt, and ambition, never yet made a people happy, or a nation great.---*(Caſts a look of agony on the dead body of Pizarro as ſhe paſſes, and exit.)*

*(Flouriſh of Trumpets.)*

Valverde, Almagra, *and Spaniſh Soldiers, exeunt, bearing off* Pizarro's *Body.---On a ſignal from* Alonzo, *flouriſh of Muſic.*

*Alon.* Ataliba! think not I wiſh to check the voice of triumph---when I entreat we firſt may pay the tribute due to our lov'd Rolla's memory.

*A ſolemn March---Proceſſion of Peruvian Soldiers, bearing* Rolla's *Body on a Bier, ſurrounded by Military Trophies. The Prieſts and Prieſteſſes attending, chaunt a Dirge over the Bier.*---Alonzo *and* Cora *kneel on either ſide of it, and kiſs* Rolla's *hands in ſilent agony---In the looks of the King, and of all preſent, the Triumph of the Day is loſt, in mourning for the fallen Hero.*

*(The Curtain ſlowly deſcends.)*

# EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE HON. WILLIAM LAMB.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN.

ERE yet Suſpenſe has ſtill'd its throbbing fear,
Or Melancholy wip'd the grateful tear,
While e'en the miſeries of a ſinking State,
A Monarch's danger, and a Nation's fate,
Command not now your eyes with grief to flow,
Loſt in a trembling Mother's nearer woe;
What moral lay ſhall Poetry rehearſe,
Or how ſhall Elocution pour the verſe
So ſweetly, that its muſic ſhall repay
The lov'd illuſion, which it drives away?
Mine is the taſk, to rigid cuſtom due,
To me ungrateful, as 'tis harſh to you,
To mar the work the tragic ſcene has wrought,
To rouſe the mind that broods in penſive thought,
To ſcare Reflection, which, in abſent dreams,
Still lingers muſing on the recent themes;
Attention, ere with contemplation tir'd,
To turn from all that pleas'd, from all that fir'd;
To weaken leſſons ſtrongly now impreſt,
And chill the intereſt glowing in the breaſt—
Mine is the taſk; and be it mine to ſpare
The ſouls that pant, the griefs they ſee, to ſhare;
Let me with no unhallow'd jeſt deride
The ſigh, that ſweet Compaſſion owns with pride—
The ſigh of Comfort, to Affliction dear,
That Kindneſs heaves, and Virtue loves to hear.

E'en

## EPILOGUE.

E'en gay THALIA will not now refuſe
This gentle homage to her Siſter-Muſe.
O ye, who liſten to the plaintive ſtrain,
With ſtrange enjoyment, and with rapturous pain,
Who erſt have felt the *Stranger*'s lone deſpair,
And *Haller*'s ſettled, ſad, remorſeful care,
Does *Rolla*'s pure affection leſs excite
The inexpreſſive anguiſh of delight?
Do *Cora*'s fears, which beat without control,
With leſs ſolicitude engroſs the ſoul?
Ah, no! your minds with kindred zeal approve
Maternal feeling, and heroic love.
You muſt approve; where Man exiſts below,
In temperate climes, or 'midſt drear waſtes of ſnow,
Or where the ſolar fires inceſſant flame,
Thy laws, all-powerful Nature, are the ſame:
Vainly the Sophiſt boaſts, he can explain
The cauſes of thy univerſal reign—
More vainly would his cold preſumptuous art
Diſprove thy general empire o'er the heart:
A voice proclaims thee, that we muſt believe,
A voice, that ſurely ſpeaks not to deceive;
That voice poor *Cora* heard, and cloſely preſt
Her darling infant to her fearful breaſt;
Diſtracted dar'd the bloody field to tread,
And ſought *Alonzo* through the heaps of dead,
Eager to catch the muſic of his breath,
Though faltering in the agonies of death,
To touch his lips, though pale and cold, once more,
And claſp his boſom, though it ſtream'd with gore;
That voice too *Rolla* heard, and, greatly brave,
His *Cora*'s deareſt treaſure died to ſave,

Gave

## EPILOGUE.

Gave to the hopeleſs Parent's arms her child,
Beheld her tranſports, and expiring ſmil'd.
That voice ye hear—Oh! be its will obey'd!
'Tis Valour's impulſe and 'tis Virtue's aid—
It prompts to all Benevolence admires,
To all that heav'nly Piety inſpires,
To all that Praiſe repeats through lengthen'd years,
That Honour ſanctifies, and Time reveres.

THE END.

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